

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK, OR, FATHER TIME PERPLEXED.

FATHER TIME (in sore perplexity)—“This new standard is an awful puzzle; in one place I'm late, and in another entirely too early. I don't wonder that that trim youngster there is amused. But it's the first time that New Year's ever got the best of me, and it shall be the last, too.”



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
88, 85 & 87 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

A NEW SERIAL,  
BY  
WALTER BESANT.

It gives us great satisfaction to announce that we will shortly commence the publication, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, of a new serial story, by WALTER BESANT, the distinguished English novelist, entitled,

"DOROTHY FORSTER."

This story, of which we have secured the exclusive publication in this country, has its scene in the North Country of England, and abounds in graphic pictures of the life, the beliefs, the superstitions and the strange customs of the Northumbrians, while the heroine is invested with an interest and charm which holds the closest attention of the reader. Mr. Besant has never written a story more thoroughly artistic than this, and we are confident that it will rank in popular estimation with "All in Garden Fair," "The Captain's Room," and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." The first installment of "Dorothy Forster" will be published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, issued for the week ending January 12th. Each installment will be accompanied by an illustration by the well-known English artist, Mr. Charles Green. Persons who desire to secure the story complete, which will run for about six months, should send in their subscriptions at once.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REST.

WHEN Herbert Spencer was with us last Winter he spoke some wholesome words in favor of the Gospel of Recreation, and while he did not exactly formulate a physical decalogue for us, he did give us excellent advice concerning our abnormal restlessness and the danger of letting the furnace fires of work and anxiety burn so fast. As we said at the time, he did not seem to understand that our preternatural activity has a cause in our environment—that it results from the grand opportunities for advancement with which we are surrounded, and the competition which those opportunities beget. An Englishman, who recently returned to London after a residence of ten years in New York, writes back here: "They tell me I go down the Strand as if I were running to a fire, and my sister says, 'Why, John, you've caught the fidgets.'" So the cause of our American restlessness is in our air, in our soil, in the rivalry of success which springs from our general prosperity. Choctaws, Hottentots and Patagonians are never in a hurry. Still, Herbert Spencer's advice to "go slow" was good.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for the current month Sir Alfred Paget has a thoughtful paper on this general theme, in which he speaks of recreation, or the cessation of the regular work of our lives and the active occupation of mind or body in something else in which we find pleasure, as being one of the prime requisites of health. For working men and women, rich or poor, sleep is not a sufficient rest, even where it is supplemented by a happy domestic life and Sunday tranquillity. To be really refreshing, the writer holds, the recreation should be a sharp contrast to the ordinary work. "The desire for change is as much a part of our nature as the desire for sleep; it is an instinct to be scrupulously, however cautiously, obeyed." The Oriental who saw some Englishmen playing cricket, and wondered why the rich men did not hire poor men to play it for them, had not learned the happiness of a willing great activity and its use in restoring fitness for work.

Among the constituents of a good active recreation, Sir James mentions uncertainty, wonder, and the opportunity to exercise skill in something different from the regular work. "The toss of the halfpenny brings refreshment to the routine of the school boy in that every time he tosses it he creates an uncertainty, enjoys it for a moment, and then decides it. To the elder man the deal in whist and every hand he plays brings similar pleasure in uncertainty, and the counting of the tricks decides them. Doubtless there is much of the same pleasure in all sports—in fishing, shooting and the like. Will the fish bite? Will the bird fall? There is the uncertainty; and in any case, hitting or missing, the mind which has been wearied in a dull routine is refreshed."

It seems to us that our English philosopher, while hitting on some of the elements of wholesome recreation, has missed other characteristics that are most essential. It is Josh Billings, we think, who earnestly declares that "there is nothing more uncertain than driving a drove of hogs." Yet this is not regarded as recreation by those who have tried it, but the very opposite of recreation. A prime element that has been omitted in the above estimate is this: a recreation, to give real pleasure, must be a form of activity that is of no possible value to anybody except in its immediate results. Skating is by no means an amusement in North Holland, where the peasants have to

go on skates to market. Card playing and billiards would lose their zest if they were in any way productive. It is in the great fact that it is good for nothing that recreation finds its real value. Very simple-minded boys sometimes play at shoveling snow out of the front yard, but as soon as they discover that it is exactly what their parents wish to have done it becomes disgusting. Boys like to drive nails, but the boy who inadvertently made a good box, and afterwards found that his mother was using it for her knife and fork receptacle, naturally felt that he had been swindled.

Talleyrand is reported to have said to one who told him he did not care to learn whist: "My friend, you do not know how unhappy an old age you are preparing for yourself." Bishop Hall says: "Recreation is to the mind as whetting to the scythe," and Shakespeare:

"Sweet recreation baird, what doth ensue,  
But mody and dull melancholy,  
—Kinsmen to grim and comfortless despair."

So, let us say with Paget, every man should have recreations, "that they may make him more fit to do his work, and, at the last, more fit to leave it."

HOSPITAL SATURDAY AND  
SUNDAY.

THERE is something especially happy in the falling of Hospital Saturday and Sunday among the closing days of the year. No time can be more suitable for bringing to remembrance those who suffer than these days upon which even the most superficial man takes mental stock of the blessings of the past year, and feels an emotion, if not of gratitude, at least of self-gratulation that things are so well with him as they are.

As a rule, people are not much interested in hospitals. They do not realize how gravely the care and conduct of such institutions concern them. An accident occurs in the street, or a case of destitute suffering comes under their notice, which arouses all their sympathy; they see the sick or the wounded carried to the nearest hospital, and sympathy is at once appeased. No further thought is given to the sufferer, while the idea that they themselves have any personal interest in the work or the support of such merciful institutions never occurs to them. Nothing can be more mistaken than such a view. There is scarcely a man in the community to whom the prosperity and the methods of working of hospitals are not a subject of vital concern. Every head of a family employing servants, every master of a workshop, every owner or superintendent of a manufactory, every cook or employé living in boarding houses, every father of moderate means, unable to provide skilled nursing or the advice of specialists in critical cases which may occur among his own children, is personally interested in the maintenance and the good conduct of these institutions.

The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, which was founded a few years ago in New York city, has taken upon itself to arouse, to educate and to direct just such an interest. Its influence doubtless reaches many who never hear such sermons as will be preached next Sunday, and it can—as isolated preachers cannot do—consolidate and distribute the funds contributed to the greater benefit of certain classes of people. Thus one of its objects is "To provide a way by which clerks, workmen, or societies of artisans, by paying a small sum into the treasury of their trade auxiliary may entitle themselves to hospital care in case of sickness." The way is provided, first, by founding trade associations, auxiliary to the general society, which will receive and distribute the benefits resulting from the contributions of its members; and, secondly, by making arrangements with various hospitals for admittance of its members on certain conditions and at fixed rates. Already nineteen of our city hospitals have fallen in with the plans of the association, and are giving a generous co-operation with its objects.

The report of these hospitals show that during the past year 10,442 patients were cared for at a total cost of \$509,978.80. Of this number nearly 8,000 were free patients. Deducting from the expenditure the sums received as income from invested funds, and the amount received from paying patients, there remains the sum of \$263,402, for which these hospitals are annually dependent on the general public, and which must be made up to them in gifts or contributions, or their work must absolutely cease. To meet this great necessity, and the ever-increasing volume of charitable work laid upon them, the hospitals in the association make their present appeal. The total sum received from the Saturday and Sunday collections last year amounted to \$29,752, and the aggregate amount received from contributions from all sources, other than bequests and gifts, to the permanent fund, was \$181,822. There is no reason why this year's Saturday and Sunday collections should not greatly exceed those of 1882. Then only 100 churches and synagogues responded to the call of the association; for this year's collection the co-operation of nearly 300 is

pledged, and if the giving is at all proportioned to the demands of the hour, the sum realized cannot fail to be very much larger than ever before.

Let all who can, contribute to this most deserving work.

THE DEMOCRACY AND THE  
TARIFF.

THE *Charleston News and Courier*, the leading Democratic journal of South Carolina, has no patience with the "straddling policy" of some of the party leaders on the tariff question. It believes in an outspoken, manly support of a definite policy of tariff revision, and that any attempt to face both ways on this important subject will result in serious and deserved disaster. In a recent article it uses this decisive language:

"For our part, we do not see that the Democracy is strengthened by the presence of Protectionists in its ranks at this time. Such men as Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, weaken the party, and are a disintegrating element in all its campaigns. The Democracy would be better off and stronger without them than with them; for then there could not be any attempt to harmonize irreconcilable principles by adopting, in words, a policy which should be contradicted in action. The day for that sort of thing is past. The time when the Democracy could declare itself, in the National Convention, in favor of 'a tariff for revenue only,' and at the same time preach high tariff doctrine to pampered manufacturers, is gone for ever. There should be no equivocation, no compromise, no dodging. The bolder the Democracy are in urging a revision of the tariff and insisting upon it, the more likely are they to succeed at the next general election. It is with political parties as it is with individuals. The parties which have positive convictions, which they live up to, and, if need be, are ready to die for, are the parties which become invincible in the United States, and which remain invincible until it becomes evident that they have outlived their usefulness and have no claim to popular consideration. Beyond such sentimental favor as is accorded to them on account of their services in the past."

This is sound advice, but the indications are not favorable to its adoption. The Democracy in Congress seem more and more disposed to avoid any positive and final commitments, and while some of the more honest and outspoken Representatives of that party faith deprecate this pusillanimous policy, it is now altogether improbable that the views of Speaker Carlisle will find any statutory expression. Such a course can scarcely fail to aggravate the party embarrassments in the contest of next year; but that is a result which need not, perhaps, occasion any great regret, since the success of a party which has not "the courage of its convictions" would, in the best aspect of the case, be of doubtful advantage.

MOMENTOUS ISSUES IN THE  
BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

IT is now certain that the next session of the British Parliament—which the Queen has further prorogued till February—will be occupied with questions as momentous as any that Parliament has had to deal with since the first Reform Bill. The Franchise Bill is not only to be introduced next session, but it is to take precedence of all other legislation, not excepting such long-promised ministerial measures as the Bill for the Reform of the London Municipality, and the Agricultural Laborers' Bill. Two members of the Cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain and the Marquis of Hartington, have already spoken to this effect.

The reform of Parliamentary representation, which has so long been one of the great shibboleths of the English Liberal Party, involves action in two directions. One is the extension of the franchise; the other is the redistribution of seats. In England and Scotland to day the right to vote is restricted to a small minority of the population, and in Ireland it is restricted to a smaller minority still, for in 1867 Mr. Disraeli bestowed household suffrage on the boroughs and extended the franchise considerably in the counties of England and Scotland, but excluded Ireland entirely from the measure. That is to say that, while all over Ireland—counties and boroughs—a man must be in possession of real estate of a valuation of not less than £40 (\$200) before he can vote for a Parliamentary representative, in England and Scotland the restriction exists but in a modified degree as regards the counties, and does not exist at all as regards the boroughs, where every householder has a vote, no matter what his valuation. What the Franchise Bill proposes is to extend the household suffrage to counties and boroughs alike.

The redistribution of seats is necessitated by the great inequalities in the representation of the various constituencies, some small boroughs returning more representatives to Parliament than constituencies three and four times their size. But, though the Tories are making great efforts to have the order of precedence reversed, the settlement of this question will have to wait upon that of the franchise. The Liberals do not forget the painful lesson they had in 1866, when Lord John Russell's administration was wrecked through letting its hand be forced by a Tory ruse of an exactly similar character.

The remarkable speech, at Bristol, of Mr. Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, and the man whom all England

marks out as the successor of Mr. Gladstone, gives us a foreshadowing of the nature of the struggle that will be waged in Westminster a couple of months hence. Mr. Chamberlain announces himself in favor of manhood suffrage absolutely, but is prepared to accept the "household suffrage," as a step on the way to the other. There must be no exclusion of Ireland from the measure, he says, even if the result were to be that Mr. Parnell would be furnished with a party strong enough to upset the British Constitution.

The results of the establishment of the household franchise in Great Britain it would not be easy to forecast. For one thing, the new measure, if it passes, will cause a tremendous increase of Radical power, and this fact alone will be enough to constitute a future of great possibilities.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE  
POOR.

IT would appear that a modern Howard is needed to rouse the apathetic humanitarians of our country in behalf of those poor helpless beings whose mental condition renders them in an especial degree the objects of public charity. In all ages, and in all countries, the insane have been regarded as the wards of the people, and unkindness or cruelty to them has been considered, even among savages, as peculiarly atrocious. The treatment of the insane in some New York county poorhouses and asylums, according to statements of the Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, made at its meeting last week, is inhuman in the last degree. In Broome County Asylum the bath-room was found in the coal-cellar, and six patients were bathing in the same water, which was afterwards used in the laundry. In Niagara County, the Secretary found the insane patients without covering for head or feet, compelled to sit on the bare floor, and all, both men and women, under the charge of a male pauper. In Fulton, Genesee, Tioga, Chenango and other counties visited, the treatment of the insane was equally inhuman. Cooped up and chained like wild animals, housed in attics and basements and outbuildings, reeking with filth and covered with vermin, with the air foul as that of a lazaretto, this was the condition of the unfortunates. For diabolism and excessive cruelty, the keepers of these pest-house prisons for the insane must certainly be allowed the palm. The public heart thrilled with righteous indignation on hearing of the tanning of human skins in a Massachusetts poorhouse; how much more should indignation be aroused at the recital, not of indignities to the dead, but of wrongs and cruelties to the living, whose sad condition renders them unable to help themselves?

FOREIGN LUXURIES.

THE Government figures just issued, showing the extent of the foreign trade during the last fiscal year, are full of interesting and very suggestive facts. Passing over many of these, it is of interest to notice briefly the extent to which luxuries of various kinds have been imported from abroad as affording some idea of the progress of material prosperity and refinement among our people. On the whole, such importations have increased within the year. Of paintings, statuary, and other works of art by American artists, the importations were valued at \$275,281, against \$236,239 last year, and \$324,735 the year before; while of paintings, lithographs, photographs and statuary, the work of foreigners, the imports reached \$3,128,593, against \$2,550,683 in 1882, the excess this year being in a measure due to hurried shipments to this country in order to escape the higher duty that went into effect on July 1st. The value of the books, pamphlets, engravings, and other publications received was \$3,651,590, against \$3,330,975 last year. Musical instruments, many of the finest workmanship, are being imported in larger numbers year by year; the value reached the sum of \$1,652,528 this year. Fruits from the West Indies, Sicily, Greece, Spain, France, and elsewhere, came in large quantities; the total reached \$19,313,041, against \$18,074,700 in 1882. Of coffee, 515,878,000 pounds came, worth \$42,050,000; of cocoa, over 5,000,000 pounds. Tea is not so much favored in this country as in England, but, nevertheless, 73,479,000 pounds have been imported within a year at a cost of over \$17,000,000, a decrease of more than 5,000,000 pounds, due to the exclusion of the poisonous Ping-suey compound. The silk industry at Paterson and elsewhere is sufficiently prosperous to take increasing quantities of the raw material every year; it is admitted free of duty, and while in 1882 the imports were \$2,879,000, this year they have been \$3,253,000. On the other hand, the imports of manufactured silk in various forms this year reach only \$36,764,000, against \$38,328,000, the decrease being, however, largely due to the fact that the quantity received last year was much in excess of the requirements. The expenditures for what are termed "fancy goods" have been smaller than last year. This term includes perfumery, beads, fans, feathers, meerschaum pipes, and other articles. The item for French dolls, for instance, sometimes approximates \$800,000 in a single year, paying duty to the Government to the amount of over \$275,000, while other toys, valued at more than \$600,000, have paid into the Treasury something over \$300,000.



Steamers brought precious stones to the value of \$7,692,000, and here again is a diminished expenditure, the value last year reaching \$8,377,000; but the imports of furs show some increase. The homes of the wealthy are constantly being beautified with ornaments from abroad; cabinet-ware, furniture, and various rich manufactures in wood, grace many a palatial residence, as well as costly clocks from France, and carpets from the looms of Axminster, not to mention other adornments in mosaic, lacquer, marble, Russia leather, bronze, porcelain, velvet, burl and ormolu.

Our people grow more luxurious every year; the rapid increase of wealth is in a measure reflected in the increasing expenditures for articles of *virtu*, as well as for what ministers to lower forms of enjoyment. For instance, the cost of the wines and spirits imported during the past year was over \$12,000,000, or an increase of \$3,000,000 compared with the sum spent last year. So with tobacco; the total imports during the year under review were valued at \$11,771,000; last year the total was only \$8,216,000. The looms of France and England sent hither woolen goods to the amount of \$55,000,000, or an increase of nearly \$8,000,000 compared with the total of last year. And many other items might be added to show how large the expenditures are in this country for the luxuries and semi-luxuries habitually purchased in foreign emporiums.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE French in Tonquin have at length taken the offensive. On the 11th instant the forces concentrated at Hanoi advanced to Sontay, twenty miles distant, and five days after captured the outer defenses of that town. During the following night the citadel was evacuated by its defenders, and on the morning of the 17th was occupied by the French. The first assault was stubbornly resisted by the Black Flags and Anamese, forming the garrison of the town, and the loss of the assailants was considerable, amounting to 70 officers and men killed, and 180 wounded. The French success has encouraged the war feeling; some 6,000 additional French troops are to be hurried forward to the scene of action, and it is difficult to see how a costly and disastrous conflict is now to be avoided. The French Senate, following the Chamber of Deputies, has adopted the supplementary credit bill for 9,000,000 and 20,000,000 francs, respectively. The expenditure so far incurred is stated at 43,000,000 francs. Premier Ferry has officially denied that any European Government has "displayed discontent or illwill in regard to the Tonquin affair."

The visit of the German Crown Prince to Rome has been marked by some significant incidents. The principal one of these was his interview with the Pope. This interview lasted an hour, and is said to have been characterized on both sides by great cordiality. So far as is known, no allusion was made to the religious troubles between the Vatican and Prussia. The Crown Prince was received with great enthusiasm by the Roman populace, and his popularity was not diminished by his tribute to the memory of Victor Emmanuel, on whose tomb he placed a wreath immediately after his interview with the Pope. The campaign in the Soudan shows as yet no signs of vigor. Baker Pasha has assumed command of the Egyptian forces, but has been instructed by the Khédive to endeavor to conciliate the tribes before resorting to force, the object of the expedition being to pacify the country between Suakim and Berber. The Khédive has also advised him not to engage the enemy unless under the most favorable conditions, and this, under the circumstances, is judicious counsel. Baker Pasha's force is small, and but little confidence is felt in its trustworthiness. There is a report that El Mahdi is moving from the vicinity of El Obeid, and should he come into collision with the meagre Egyptian force, it is to be feared that his advance would not be seriously delayed. There is a report that serious dissensions have broken out among the rebel Egyptian tribes along the Suakim and Berber route.

In reply to an advertisement for a female copyist at seven dollars a week, which appeared in a city paper a few days ago, there were five hundred and fifty-four applicants; but only one desired the place of house-servant at three dollars per week with board, advertised at the same time by the same gentleman. It is difficult to account for this, as financially the house-servant would be placed upon a more favorable footing than the other. Unfortunately, however, for the prospects of women who have to earn their living, the service which would fit them for assuming the responsibility of housekeeping is socially proscribed, and other occupations which are thought more genteel, and which allow the evenings for recreation, are the only ones desired.

EVIDENCES of the rapid and wholesome development of the taste for art throughout the United States are numerous and unmistakable, and the prospectus of the new American Art Union, an association organized for the general advancement of the fine arts, and for promoting and facilitating a greater knowledge thereof on the part of the public, may be regarded as one of the good signs of the times. Some of the leading American artists are enrolled among its active members, and its president and vice-president hold similar offices in the National Academy of Design, of which the Union is an outgrowth. Its specific purposes are: To maintain in New York city a permanent exhibition and salesroom for selected American works of art, with occasional exhibitions in other cities; to publish

original etchings and engravings; to issue an illustrated monthly art journal, and to purchase for subscribers original works of art, to be distributed in a manner which shall be equitable and satisfactory to all concerned. The issue of the first number of the illustrated Art Union is announced for the current month.

It appears that "Jersey justice," like the varying brands of the same article in other States, has a shifting and uneven standard. At Woodbury a man named Rudolph Hein was recently tried and found guilty of manslaughter—the victim having been his wife. In a quiet game of croquet, in which they were both engaged, she did not play fast enough to suit him. He brutally kicked her, and in twenty-five minutes later she was dead. After being found guilty of manslaughter, the presiding judge told Hein that if the Grand Jury had indicted him for murder, he would undoubtedly have been found guilty and hanged. Then the judge proceeded to fine the prisoner \$500 and the costs of prosecution, and in a few minutes he was a free man. If Hein had kicked his horse to death, instead of his wife, he would not have escaped a term in prison. But perhaps wives are more easily procured than horses in some parts of New Jersey.

ANOTHER railway war is imminent in the West. Five corporations, with a mileage of 15,806 miles, and a capital of \$737,000,000, are massing their forces for the conflict. Collecting as they do every year, in fares and freights, the enormous revenue of \$101,000,000, and controlling the most important highways, with but two or three exceptions, of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, their conflict cannot fail to be far-reaching in its consequences, though it may be questioned whether the community at large will be much the gainer. Certain localities will, of course, be benefited by the reduction of rates, but others are likely to suffer from unfair discriminations, and in the end, the warring corporations, having exhausted themselves by a wasteful contest, will cease their fighting, and hasten to repair their losses by combining for the imposition of greater burdens than ever before upon the business and traveling public. There is little hope of legitimate competition in railroad rates so long as the great corporations have a common interest in the maintenance of their monopoly, and are able to defy all statutory restraints established by the power which creates them.

A STRIKING example of misdirected energy is presented by Rev. R. Heber Newton, who has become somewhat notorious as an advocate of views which his Church does not approve. Recently Dr. Newton has been discussing the subject of the authorship of the Pentateuch, and has proved to his own satisfaction that Moses did not write the five books. He has come to the conclusion also that the Bible originated in oral tradition, that the Book of Genesis is a book of legends, and so on. Now, all this may be really entertaining and satisfactory to people of a certain sort, but what is gained by it? Who is helped or made better by it? There are, it seems to us, a great many questions of more importance to the average man than that of the authorship of the Pentateuch—questions which involve the temporal and eternal well-being of living souls. Why doesn't Dr. Newton discuss these practical, imminent questions? The world is full of vice and crime, and want and woe—full of suffering, tempted, sinful men and women, who need to be warned and cheered and rescued. Would it not be wiser and better for the occupant of the pulpit to consider these "burning" themes—to employ his strength in battling against the real evils of life, and helping the weak and unfortunate to escape their vicious environments—than to thrust them all aside and engage in misty theorizing about matters which have no actual relation to life's duties and trials? That was the course the Master pursued when He trod these shores of Time, and we suspect that He has little sympathy with the more modern methods adopted by some preachers of His Gospel.

THE Washington *quid nuncs* are at it again. They have discovered that the Republican "machine" is going to pieces; that new alliances and factions are forming; that President Arthur's old friends, Grant, Conkling, and the rest, have abandoned him; that Blaine, Logan, and others heretofore hostile have combined to defeat Arthur's re-nomination; and that, rather than see him carry off the prize, even General Grant, and not improbably Mr. Conkling, would favor the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and after him, that of Senator Logan. For days past the newspapers have been filled with solemn accounts of this new deal in Republican politics, and there are swarms of people who seem to have swallowed them with the most implicit confidence, and who will be amazed to discover that all talk of this sort is the veriest twaddle. So far as Mr. Blaine is concerned, there is no evidence whatever that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination of next year. He says positively that he is not, and he certainly ought to know his own mind. So far as Messrs. Grant and Conkling are concerned, it is the baldest absurdity to allege that if Mr. Blaine were a candidate they would under any circumstances prefer him to President Arthur. So far as General Logan is concerned, he would be quite as likely to play second fiddle to Mr. Blaine as to vote for the restoration of Fitz John Porter to the army, which everybody knows he will never do. The truth is, that the next nomination for the Presidency on either side will be determined by the people, by the actual public sentiment of the hour, and not by any manipulations or bargains of Washington statesmen.

#### PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

##### THE FIVE POINTS OF PROTECTION.

BY VAN BUREN DENSLOW, LL.D.

##### III.

IN stating as a proximate rule for estimating the decline in the tariff tax, which results from the advance in the domestic production that, *pari passu*, as the domestic production becomes adequate to supply the domestic demand, the tax declines, I use the word proximate in its broadest sense. For instance, while the American manufacture of silks now supplies the country with about one-fourth of the silks worn in this country, the deficit being still three-fourths, the rule above set forth would require that the current selling American price should be one-fourth of the duty below the French price with duty added, supposing the French price itself not to have been reduced by the American manufacture. In short, that the current American prices ought to be the French price, plus three-fourths only of the duty. This is not far from the fact, as French manufacturers several years ago refused to fill American orders except through their New York houses, alleging as the reason that, if they should sell to American customers at current French prices, the latter, on paying the duty, would find the American price so much lower than the French price with duty added, that they could not sell at all. Of course this is only another mode of saying that the French producers of silks are paying a portion of our revenue, and the formula I have given would fix that portion proximately at about a fourth; but the accidents of trade might cause this to fluctuate between a tenth and three-tenths, and differently on different kinds of silks, according to the degree in which our domestic manufacture is superseding the French in each kind in our markets. The actual law which determines the price being the ratio of the whole supply, foreign and domestic, to the whole demand, domestic and foreign, it follows that the recession of price must bear a permanent relation to this greater equation, and only a subordinate relation to the less one of the ratio of the domestic to the foreign supply. Still, if a competent Government investigation were made, I think it would prove that for several years past the American price for silks has been from one to three tenths below the French price and duty, thus, in effect, showing a payment by the French silk manufacturers of from one to three tenths of our revenue from silks.

English manufacturers of cutlery and crockery also make different price-lists to American customers from those they sell to Australian and to English, putting their product much lower here than elsewhere to virtually pay as much of the American duty as they can afford to pay without losing their entire profit.

In crockery the proximate rule I have laid down is borne out with essential accuracy. The American manufacture produces about \$5,000,000 worth a year, as against an importation of about \$7,000,000 worth. Our total annual consumption being \$12,000,000, and our domestic production having become adequate to supply five-twelfths of the demand, it ought to be found that our foreign competitors are bearing five-twelfths of the tariff tax. As the effect of a duty is partly to raise prices in the country imposing it, but partly also to depress prices in the country producing the product on which it is imposed, a comparison of present relative prices in the two countries is not always more satisfactory than a comparison of present prices with past prices in the same country. Davenport & Bro., a New York importing-house in crockery, china and earthenware, report that in 1852 a crate of assorted crockery would sell to the American consumer at \$95.30, under the 30 per cent. duty, and a like crate sold a year ago, under a 50 per cent. duty, at \$57.80. The goods sold 67 per cent. higher under a duty 40 per cent. lower. The books of Oscar Cheeseman, another importer and jobber of crockery in New York, show that assortments of crockery which sold for \$108.68 in 1860, under a 24 per cent. duty, sold a year ago, under a 50 per cent. duty, for \$63.81. Although the duty has since been raised to 60 per cent., inquiry of these firms will show that the goods in question are selling still lower now than when these statements were made.

Nine heavy firms of dealers in plumbing and sanitary hardware in New York certified last winter that the prices on their class of earthenware are 40 per cent. lower to-day than in 1872, when the business of their manufacture was first undertaken in this country, though the currency in which these prices are stated is worth 33 per cent. more in coin than it was in 1872. They say, "We are of the opinion that the manufacture of these goods here has been the main cause of this reduction, and also that the development of home manufacture has always the tendency to reduce prices to the consumer." In crockery, therefore, 40 per cent. increase in the duties has caused the American production to expand until it supplies five-twelfths of the American demand, and has reduced the net price to American consumers by a per centage greater than the whole duty. Without this reduction in price the annual consumption for which we now pay \$12,000,000 would have cost us \$19,200,000, an annual saving of \$7,200,000, which is more than the invoiced value of all that we import, viz. (for 1882), \$6,873,075.95. In view of such facts, and of the fierce struggle made by foreign potters to hold the American market, it is safe to say that of the revenue collected on pottery, viz., \$2,965,978.84, one-half has been paid by the importers, and only one-half by the American consumers.

Certain newspapers, twelve years ago denounced the duty on paper as a tax on knowledge. They grew "fast and furious," but never became victorious. At present I know of no American who thinks the duty on paper increases its price except A. L. Perry, a professor, whose stock of information is derived from a missionary at Natal, who told him paper was dearer in Massachusetts than at Natal. The missionary, doubtless, knew that Perry had gone daft on Free Trade, and perceiving in Perry a large demand for Free Trade lies and none for Protective Information, he conformed to the commercial idea of adapting his supply to the demand. The fact is that the United States makes 535,000,000 pounds of paper annually, while Great Britain makes only 350,000,000 pounds, so that our supply is slightly greater per capita than the English. They could only have more for export than we by using less. As recently as 1873 we imported foreign paper to the value of \$580,000. In three years the importation fell to \$20,000. Meanwhile, our export, which in 1869 was only \$3,650, grew in seven years to \$10,000, and in 1882 was \$1,618,883 while our imports of materials for making paper have grown to \$6,924,722.63. In paper, therefore, we are importers of the raw materials and exporters of the finished product of all grades, England being our largest purchaser and the British possessions in Africa one of our smallest, because no paper is used there. It is therefore an economic impossibility that paper in Natal should be as cheap as in Massachusetts, and it is not.

(Continued on page 299.)

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

BOTH Houses of Congress adjourned on Thursday last for the holidays.

THE receipts for the first week of Mr. Irving's engagement in Boston amounted to \$18,845.

THREE of the swindling pension agents at Washington have been indicted by the Grand Jury.

Nearly 2,000 laborers employed on the Syracuse and Western Division were last week discharged by the West Shore Railroad Company.

AN important capture of four dealers in counterfeit money, two of them persons of prominence, was made in Vincennes, Ind., last week.

LARGE, ripe, highly-flavored strawberries are beginning to come in at Jacksonville, Fla. They are reported in the New York market at \$12 a quart.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR visited New York city last week and attended the annual dinner of the New England Society in Brooklyn on the evening of the 21st instant.

THE New York Board of Aldermen has adopted an ordinance requiring the electric light companies to lay their wires under ground after two years from May 1st, 1884.

THE establishment of a crematory at the national capital is being talked of. A number of German citizens propose to ask Congress for a charter to form a stock company.

It is reported that an English ship-building firm of high character is about to remove to the banks of the Delaware and open a fully-equipped yard, employing a thousand men.

THE comet of 1812 is now visible to the naked eye as a small, round, nebulous mass in the constellation Cygnus. In large telescopes it presents a fine appearance, with a star-like nucleus and a large coma.

THE subscriptions for a monument to Peter Cooper amount so far to only \$4,617. The amount required for the proposed monument is estimated at about \$30,000, the cost of the Washington statue in Wall Street.

"BRADSTREET'S" reports 280 failures in the United States during the past week, 31 more than during the preceding week, 44 more than during the corresponding week of 1882, and 135 more than in the same week of 1881.

FOUR additional committees have been created in the House of Representatives, as follows: River and Harbors, fifteen members; Labor, seven members; American Shipping, eleven members, and Ventilation and Acoustics of Hall, seven members.

A BILL has been introduced in Congress providing for the appointment of five commissioners who shall exercise supervision over inter-State commerce of railroads, canals and other transportation companies and over commerce with foreign countries.

AFTER a three days' struggle, the Louisiana Democratic State Convention last week nominated Governor Samuel D. McEnery for re-election. It is charged that the result was determined by means of a large corruption fund supplied by corporation and State officials.

THE Republicans of the House of Representatives last week declined, unanimously, to follow the lead of ex-Speaker Keifer on the question of admitting Mr. Skinner, of North Carolina, to his seat. The rebuke is regarded as the severest ever administered to a member of the House.

THERE is a decided "boom" in Washington real estate. People of wealth and fashion, who have heretofore found superior attractions for winter residences in Paris and other European capitals, are daily seeking information at the capital, and in many cases purchasing lots or leasing furnished houses.

A LARGE meeting in Washington last week, to "express American opinion with regard to the judicial murder of Patrick O'Donnell by the British authorities," was addressed by Congressmen Robinson, Calkins, Finerty and Belford, all of whom vigorously denounced the action of Great Britain in the matter.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that Senator Anthony really appears better to his friends than when he left last Spring, after the fatigues of the winter season. He feels much confidence in his returning strength, and expects to be able to do full duty when the work of Congress begins, after the holidays.

SAN FRANCISCO merchants complain that their trade with the Northwest is rapidly decreasing. The opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad reduced it seventy five per cent. Four months ago three steamers a week were not sufficient to carry freight to Oregon and Washington Territory. Two months later two steamers per week were sufficient, and now one every five days is all that is necessary.

##### Foreign.

THE Pope has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor William of Germany.

THE Czar of Russia was somewhat seriously injured last week by being thrown from his sledge while hunting.

THE friends of Patrick O'Donnell, recently executed for murdering Carey, propose to erect a memorial to him in Dublin.

THE American bishops, before leaving for home, came to an agreement upon the attitude to be adopted by the Catholic clergy of the United States towards the Fenians.

THERE has been something of a Fenian scare in London, and the public buildings are guarded by special corps of police. Hawarden Castle, the residence of Mr. Gladstone, is also under special protection.

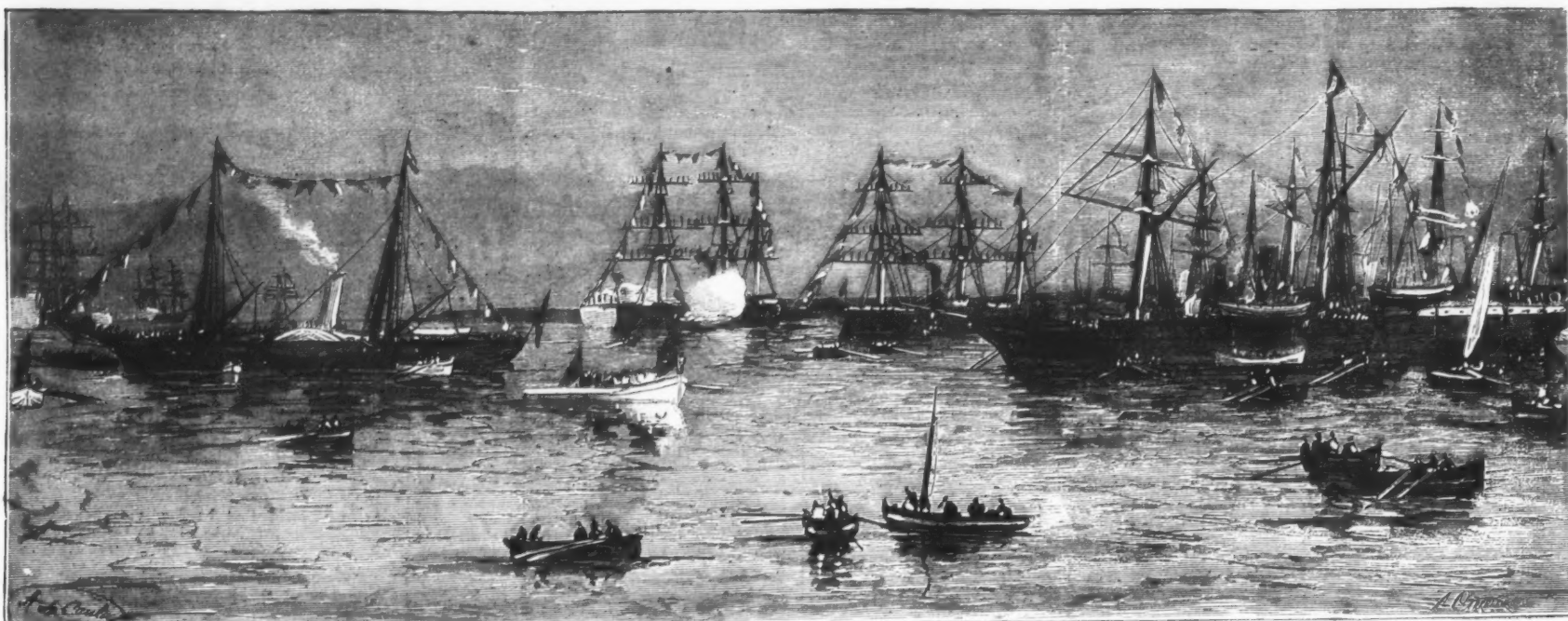
THE trial of McDermott and nine others for complicity in the dynamite outrages at Glasgow, held last week, resulted in the conviction of the accused, five of whom were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and the remainder to a term of seven years.

THE Pope has approved the scheme for erecting a church at Calvary in memory of O'Connell, of which subscriptions are being raised privately in America, Ireland and elsewhere. About £2,000 have already been collected. The Pope has promised to give a foundation stone for the church and to commission some high ecclesiastic to lay it for him.

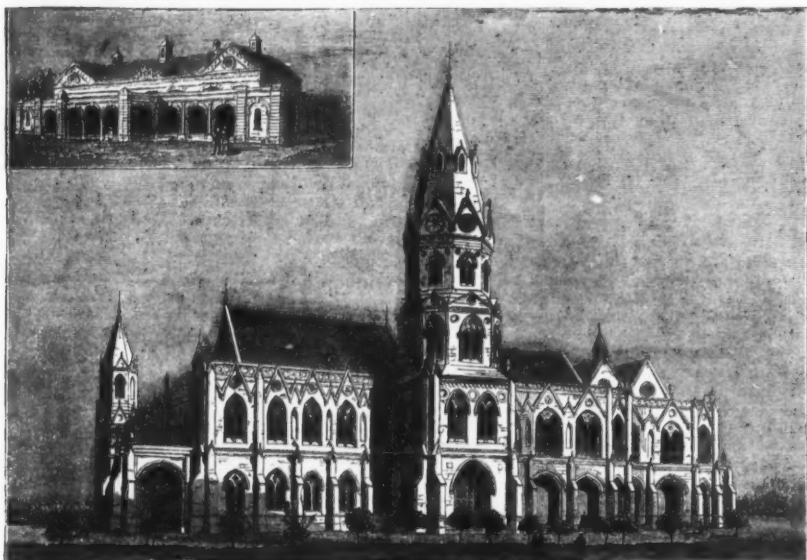
THE bodies of Commander De Long and his comrades, of the ill-fated *Jeannette* expedition arrived at Irkutsk, Siberia, last week. The bodies were borne in procession through the streets, escorted by a detachment of troops. A multitude of people joined in the cortege. Many wreaths were placed upon the coffins, and printed copies of poems describing the exploits and unhappy end of De Long and his party were distributed among the crowd.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 295.



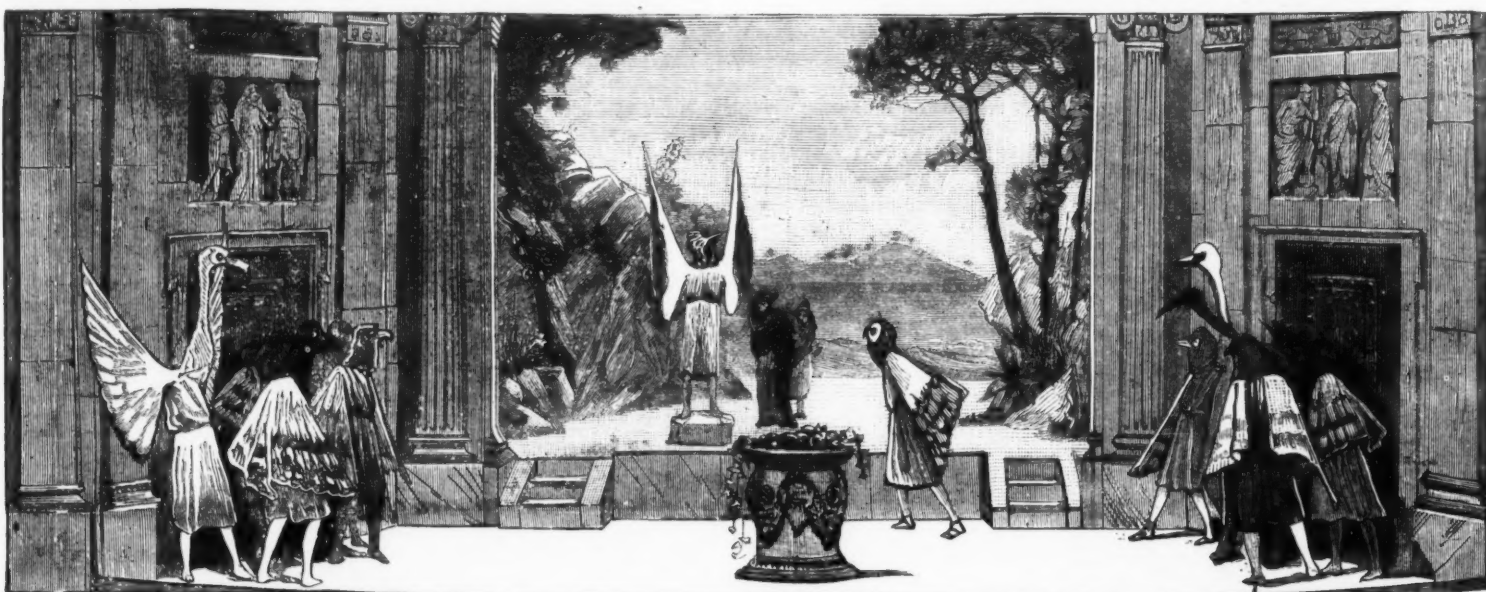
SPAIN.—DISEMBARKATION OF THE PRUSSIAN CROWN PRINCE AT THE PORT OF GRAO, VALENCIA.



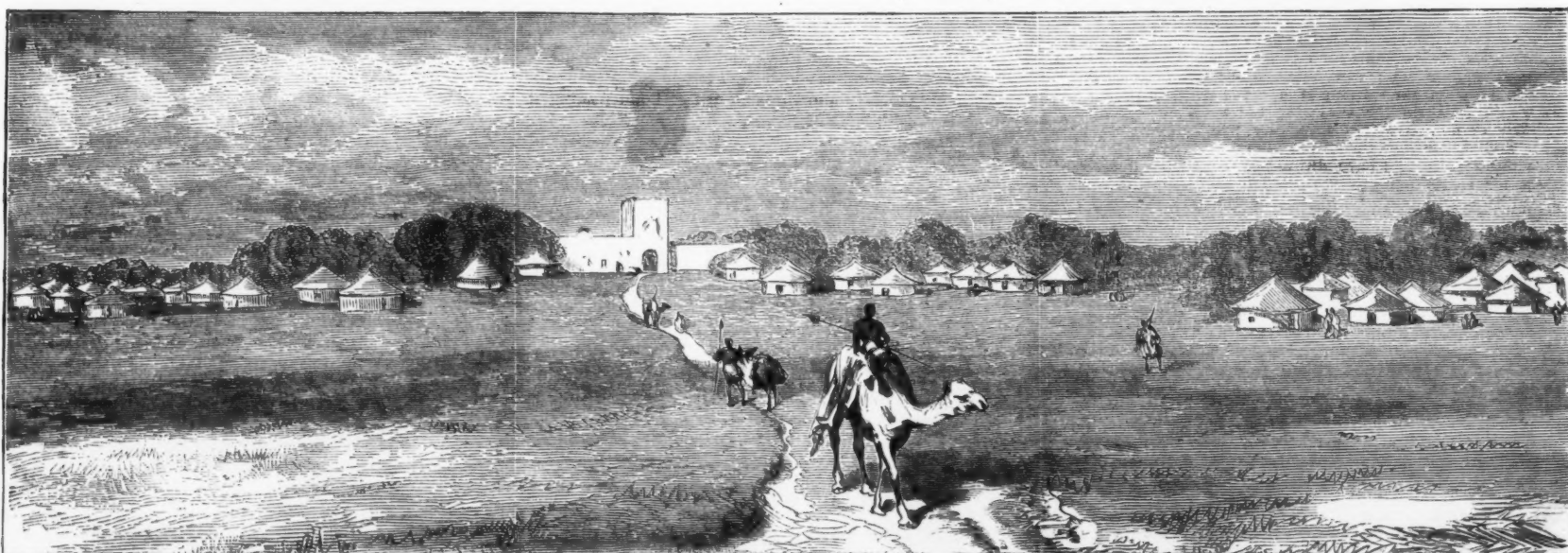
INDIA.—THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE AND ORIENTAL COLLEGE, LAHORE.



SPAIN.—FUERTA DEL SOL (THE GATE OF THE SUN), IN MADRID.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE BIRDS" OF ARISTOPHANES AT CAMBRIDGE, BY THE MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—EL OBEID, CAPITAL OF KORDOFAN, NEAR WHICH THE ARMY OF HICKS PASHA WAS DESTROYED.





NEW YORK CITY.—REV. WM. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., THE  
NEW RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH.  
PHOTO. BY CARTER.

REV. DR. WM. R. HUNTINGTON,  
SUCCESSOR OF BISHOP POTTER AS RECTOR OF GRACE CHURCH,  
NEW YORK.

THE Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., who recently accepted a call to Grace Church, New York city, as the successor of Assistant-Bishop Potter, was born in 1838, at Lowell, Mass., of which city his father, who was a prominent physician, was at one time Mayor, attaining afterwards to the office of Lieutenant-governor of the State. Entering Harvard University, he was graduated with high honors in the Class of 1859, and for one year subsequently he filled the Chair of Chemistry at the University during the temporary absence in Europe of Professor J. F. Cooke. On leaving Harvard he entered the ministry as assistant to his distant relative, now Bishop Huntington, of the Diocese of Central New York, who was at the time Rector of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, in Boston. In 1862 he was chosen Rector of All Saints' Church, Worcester, Mass., which position

he has ever since retained. Taking charge of the parish at a time when it was feeble and weak, he brought it, by his indefatigable energy and unflagging efforts, to such a condition of prosperity that it is now recognized as one of the model parishes of the United States. During his pastorate at Worcester he has had frequent calls to important parishes—among others, to Calvary Church, of this city, and was once chosen Bishop of Iowa, but he invariably declined, preferring to remain among the people with whom he has labored so long and successfully. Since 1871 he has been prominently identified with the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and at the Convention of 1880 presented a resolution calling for the revision of the Common Prayer-book. In the late Convention at Philadelphia he had charge of the measure, and through his masterly and conciliatory management it was adopted. He has long been a near personal friend of Assistant-Bishop Potter, whom he succeeds. He is a man of great intellectual energy and activity, and in his power of clearly grasping and presenting a subject is probably without a rival in the Episcopal Church. His church views are defined as those of a moderate Broad Churchman, in this respect closely resembling those of his predecessor, whose methods of church work he is likely to follow. Physically he is of delicate organization. In social life he is noted for his tact and charming personal man-



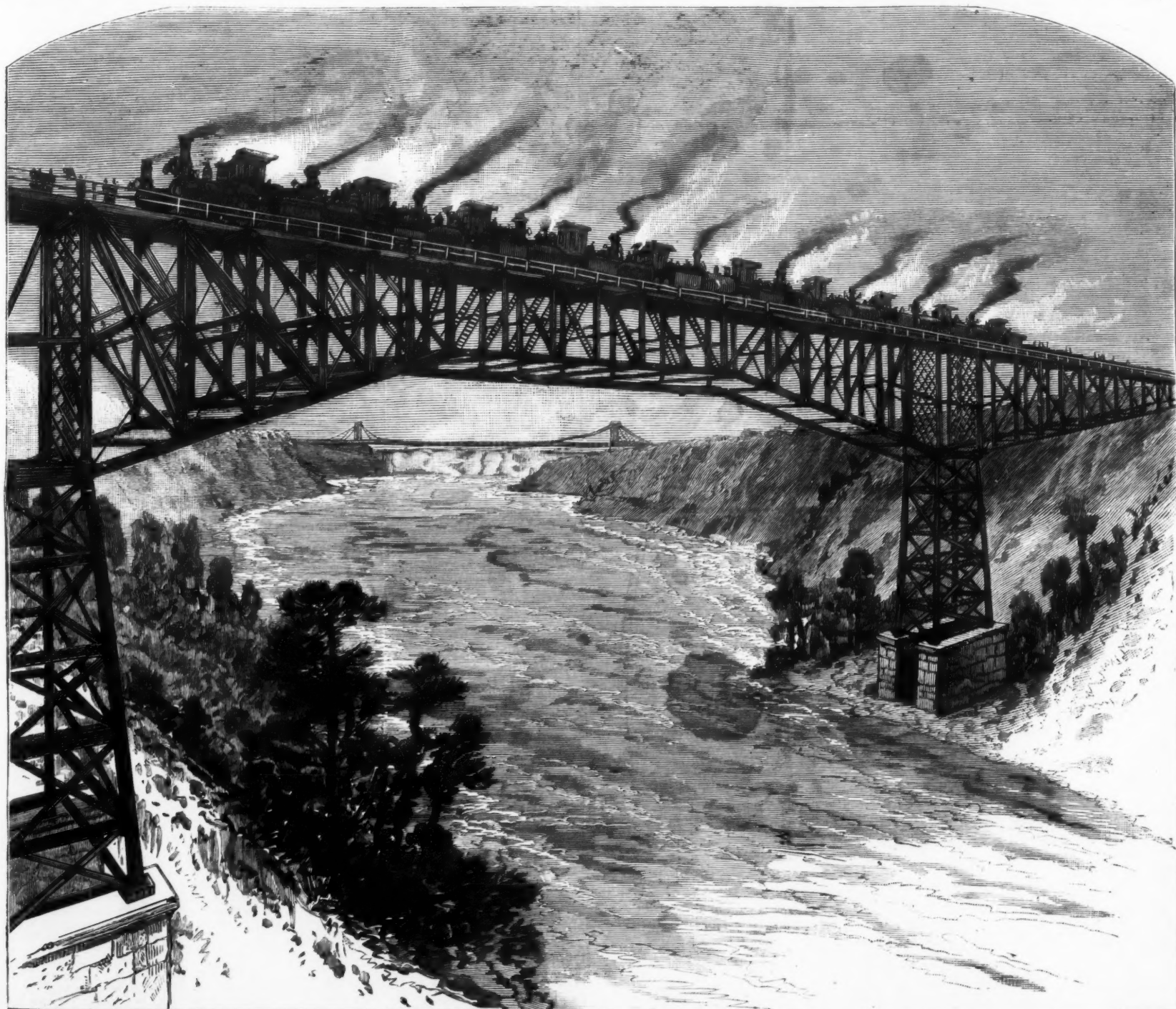
GENERAL ANSON G. M'COOK, SECRETARY OF THE U. S. SENATE.  
PHOTO. BY BELL.

ners. His health has become somewhat impaired by his labors in behalf of the revision of the Prayer-book, and by the advice of physicians he will probably not assume charge of his new parish until late in the Spring, visiting Europe in the meantime. He is a widower, with a family of four children, the eldest of whom, an only son, is a student at Harvard.

GENERAL ANSON G. M'COOK,  
THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

GENERAL ANSON G. M'COOK, who has just been elected Secretary of the United States Senate, was born at Steubenville, in Ohio, where he received a common school education. In 1854 he crossed the Plains to California, remaining there nearly six years, the most of the time engaged in working in the mines. In 1859 he returned to Ohio, and was studying law in the office of Stanton (Edwin

"BLACK BART," THE "PO-8" HIGHWAYMAN OF THE  
PACIFIC COAST.—SEE PAGE 295.



NEW YORK.—THE OPENING OF THE CANTALEVER BRIDGE ACROSS THE NIAGARA RIVER, DECEMBER 20TH—THE TEST TRAINS, CONSISTING OF TWENTY-TWO LOCOMOTIVES  
AND TWENTY-TWO LOADED GRAVEL-CARS, CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 295.



M) and McCook, in Steubenville, when in 1861 Fort Sumter was fired on. Immediately upon the call for troops to suppress the rebellion, he raised a company of volunteers, the first recruited in Eastern Ohio, and entering the service as captain of Company H, Second Ohio Regiment, was at the first battle of Bull Run. Upon the expiration of the three months' service, while engaged in recruiting a company for the period of the war, he was tendered by Governor Dennison a commission as major, which was accepted, and he was assigned to the reorganized Second Regiment. He served with that regiment as major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel, participating in nearly all the battles and marches of the Army of the Cumberland under Generals Buell, Rosecrans and Thomas, and at the close of the war he was brevetted brigadier-general for meritorious and distinguished services. After serving as Assessor of Internal Revenue in the Seventeenth Ohio District, General McCook, in 1873, removed to New York City, and became the business manager of the *Daily Register*, a law journal published here. In 1876 he was tendered the nomination for Congress in the Eighth District of New York, then represented by General Elijah Ward, Democrat, and was elected by a majority of 813, entering the Forty-fifth Congress in the extra session. In 1878 he was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress by a majority of 4,543, and in 1880 to the Forty-seventh Congress by 4,924 majority, but was not nominated for the present Congress; and since March 4th, 1883, has been attending to his private business. His selection as the Republican candidate for Secretary of the Senate was entirely without solicitation on his part, being, in fact, the spontaneous act of the party caucus, and for this reason all the more truly a tribute of which he may be justly proud. That he will discharge the duties of his position with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the Senate, there can be no doubt whatever.

## TOO LONG AGO.

Al, love, the days were warm and sweet  
With golden sun and silver rain;  
We saw the shadows on the wheat,  
We heard the robin's clear refrain,  
And watched the soft mists fold and rise,  
And lose themselves in dreamy skies.  
Do you remember? Ah, no, no—  
It was so long—so long ago!

The sunshine lay upon your hair,  
And heaven's blue was in your eyes,  
And all the splendor, wide and rare,  
Of happy world and tender skies,  
Shone on me from the radiant smile  
That beamed into my heart the while.  
Do you remember? Ah, no, no—  
It was so long—so long ago!

It was so long ago, that now  
I scarce can count the weary years.  
Deep lines of care are on my brow,  
Your eyes have known their share of tears;  
But still my heart holds, close and true,  
The old, old treasured dream. . . . But you?  
Do you remember? Ah, no, no—  
It was too long—too long ago!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES

## ONE NIGHT.

"FAIR MANOR, miss." It was a disagreeable presence with which I journeyed down to Naseby—a white face with silent lips and strange, staring eyes turning never once to mine. In all, a ghostly ride, to which the glittering serpent on the woman's finger played a right demoniacal accompaniment. It was all fast growing a hideous nightmare when the driver's voice broke in: "Fair Manor, miss. And I shall be obliged to drop the trunks and have you walk up to the house; the coach will not take the turn." The gruff words were a welcome sound. Very briskly I alighted, and with a last little shudder at the face behind me, hurried up the inner drive. I quite forgot the unwillingness with which I made this journey; my dread of the dull country-house, where, as usual, I had come to pass the winter, for once lost itself in the great relief of this good riddance.

I could but laugh at my foolish self, and yet mightily the joy grew with the widening distance; it was the one time in my life I brought a bright face to Fair Manor. There was no one at home, it chanced, but, all unheeding the added dullness, I went up to my room.

It was a pretty room, with a fair view indeed from its low, broad windows; the cheery fire, the plump pillows of the lounge, were inviting things to my chilled, weary self, and not many minutes ere I was snuggling down amid them to stare off comfortably, to doze, to out visions once, for ever—a blissful hour, till, suddenly, there came a knock, and the servant's voice broke in:

"Please, miss, the gentleman has come who was not expected till to-morrow. And the ladies will not be home—"

But I had taken the card she held, and was frowning down at it. A strange name; one of Rue's sprightly admirers, I thought, impatiently. I was not at all in the mood to exchange my plump pillows for an afternoon's entertainment of such a stranger, but—there was at all no help for it; a bit I straightened my dress and brushed my hair, and went, a trifle yet frowningly, down the stairs.

It was a fate's mystery, all; the odd reaction seizing me as I went on to meet this visitor, the repulsion unexplainable, uncontrollable, which drove me most to flee upon the door-sill. Strangely a face loomed up, and I stood to shudder; strangely, that moment I would have rather looked upon it than this unfathomed one I came to see. A fate's mystery, but—

The new nightmare passed—passed for ever at the first glimpse of the man advancing towards me. A grave-faced, middle-aged gentleman—a lover as far removed from Rue's and Bird's, and Grattie's, as though he had dropped from another star. That was my girl's absurd thought, and dumb from surprise I stared at him; an odd happening within Fair Manor's hospitable walls, the guest was the first to speak.

"Pray excuse my untimely arrival," a deep, musical voice broke in, "but Luke would me he was coming down to-day, and wrote me to have me meet him here. He has not come yet, it seems, and—and I beg your pardon, but are you Luke Bentley's sister?"

He spoke hurriedly, with embarrassment—a man a bit uncertain of his welcome, and I did not wonder; yet there was such a growing, eager look in his quiet face I could but stare at him. But my wits were floating slowly back.

"Oh, no! oh, no!" I said. "I am only one of the Bentley tribe of cousins, and a very rude family representative no doubt you think me."

This little gleam of reason I remember; what more I said I never knew. I recall only a little clasp of hands, and—the sitting down with a pair of soul-dark eyes that spoke to me, and a deep, musical voice that talked of Luke, of idle nothings—I know not what. A delirious dream that but verged the sweeter unto that startling moment when voices sounded in the hallway, and my three cousins, followed by Aunt Resta, came briskly into the parlor.

The dream broke to leave me such a guilty creature that, with scarce a word of greeting I escaped out and up the stairs, followed by Aunt Resta's horrified exclamation that I had not even asked Mr. Herndon to remove his gloves. I was quite ashamed, and yet I laughed; I laughed even more gayly at that first glimpse I had in the mirror of the dusty face, crowned with the straggling locks, which had been sitting with Ralph Herndon.

It was a girl's first folly, but, as with many a girl, mine shamed intensely. Two hours had changed life for me. I had brought the love I craved, the lover I awaited, all unsuspected, unexpectedly as love and lovers ought to come. He had fallen in love with me—ah! that sweet I knew; for all my dusty face, my straggling hair, at my very worst exultingly I realized. All as was meet, by fate decreed. And from henceforth he was mine—my lover, my beloved, my only darling in the days to come.

"Ralph, dear Ralph, dearest; and Mrs. Ralph Herndon it will be."

With all a girl's first foolish ecstasy, with all the wildest of a girl's romances, I stood before the glass, and tried over and over the sweet, strange words on my lips; over and over I recalled that first eager look, the chain of the dream now so plain to me. I reveled, I planned; the very minutest of my wedding outfit loomed up entrancingly; I was absorbed deep, deep in the matter of a color for my bonnet, when—

Suddenly a little laugh rang out, and I turned to see Bird beside me.

"So you have come at last, Christie?" she said. "And to think you were shut up two hours alone with Rue's own lover! Rue is not pleased, you may believe."

I could only stare at her.

"Oh, you do not know, of course. This Mr. Ralph Herndon has come down here to marry Rue."

"To marry Rue?"

"Yes. He never saw her till to-day, of course, but Luke is planning it; he has talked Rue to him so faithfully, but, like Luke, all so slyly, he got him finally to propose coming down himself. There isn't the slightest doubt that it will be. Rue is prettier than ever this winter, and you know the faintest interest in a widower is the sure forerunner—"

I had stared at her; a wee minute my heart stood aghast, and—still, but at the words that followed ecstasy soared to make me forget myself.

"How absurdly you talk, Bird!" I interrupted, with an open contemptuous smile upon my lips. "But you do not know Ralph Herndon is to marry me—that no other girl will be his wife. And Bird, would you have olive-green or gray for a bridal hat?"

From amaze her face had changed for laughter, to settle down right suddenly to the earnestness of mine.

"You mean to say that man has asked you to marry him? Well, he is a widower, and, what won't a widower do? But isn't it gloriously romantic, Christie?"

I had turned from her ere she finished; her first straight practical words had brought my wits, launched me into the other side of Christie Bentley, into the dreary background of my dream. All emptiness, all foolishness, a girl's ridiculous fancy, out and out; it all came to me sharply, clearly. And—

"Bird!"

The word burst from my lips as I suddenly remembered I must tell her. But Bird was gone; far down the hall I heard her laughter, and I stood spellbound only under fear. She would tell them; it would be like Bird Bentley to go direct and congratulate this man, I, whom they called proud Christie, would be a laughing-stock in all their eyes. What should I do? It was a day of nightmares, and this one held me a few strong moments ere I could rouse to follow after her, ere I sped out in the wake of her torturing voice down to the parlor where she sat alone with him.

"Bird!"

I should have spoken desperately my words, but the soul-dark eyes were turning towards me, and suddenly I did not care. For the dream in all its power came back. I was with my love, my beloved in free right, exulting in what fate had sent to me. Shyly, for Bird, but with a hard-fought ecstasy, I stood and looked at him a little minute, and then—

Suddenly I shrank back with almost a cry upon my lips. Strange, strange! So little a thing it was, but it brought the very blackness of night into that fair day. Only that from Ralph Herndon's finger a serpent, the very mate of the demon I had traveled with that morning, flashed up its diamond eyes at me.

"Dear, let it be very soon."

A girl stood in the hall at Fair Manor, parting with her lover—I, happy Christie Bentley, this very hour betrothed, red, tender-eyed from the first lover's kisses which had raised upon my lips.

Only a week had passed, but it came all so quickly, I thanked Cousin Luke.

"Christie says you have asked her to marry

you," he said, that first moment of astonishment, to Ralph Herndon.

"Yes."

"Weren't you in rather of a hurry?"

"Yes."

These were the quiet answers which, recounted to my first amazement, brought me quickly to believe it had been so. All in that blissful dream; and from out that dream I answered their puzzled queries all through the week. He had gone that day, and business called him to a distance; he had not come again till this blissful morning in a reality beyond all dreams to tell the tale to me.

"We told the truth, darling," he said, as at parting I just remembered to speak of those strange things. "I asked you with my eyes, and you gave me answer even as true as now. But for all my sudden, mad love of you, save for Luke's words, I think I could not have been quite so bold; I must have waited for a little. And since I have not, I begrudge the little more. Dear, let it be very soon."

I kept our secret; I went in only to tell them we lovers wanted to be married. Aunt Resta was a born marriage-maker; with so desirable a match she was well content. The girls were rich in legacy; even disappointed Rue seemed charmed at the prospect of a wedding, and all in a jubilee we set to work on the wedding garments.

Ah! the happy days—the cloudless, perfect days of my betrothal! Even the flashing eye of the serpent which, after that first little shock, had quite lost its power, gleamed up sweetly now at me. I sat, at the close of one which was to dawn a lover's evening, dreaming, alone, of him, till the knock came which—

Which certainly did not announce him; it was much too early. I looked up dreamily at maid Mary; wonderingly down at the note she handed me.

"Will you come secretly, for a moment, to Mrs. Granby, the third house from Fair Manor, east?"

This was the abrupt little line I opened to. What could it mean? I had heard of Mrs. Granby—a strange woman who had come recently into the place—but I had never seen her; she was a stranger to all of us. There must be some mistake; the note was not for me.

Mainly on the back I read my name. Bewildered a little, I sat and stared at it, and then all the charm of a romance dawned in upon me; with all a girl's curiosity I seized a hat and shawl, and slipped down the stairs, out into the night.

It was a dark, damp evening, threatening rain—a night for gloomy fancies, at any other time I would have thought, and shrank from it. But the charm of my adventure held me; I went on unthinkingly, unnoticingly, to the little houses beyond the curve. Soon past the servant, into the presence of this woman who had sent for me; all curiously my eyes turned towards her.

To a white face, with strange, staring eyes; to—the very demon I had journeyed with that day to Naseby. There, a very thing; but I had only time to look, to fancy it all an empty vision, ere the lips opened and broke the cry on mine.

"I should beg your pardon, I suppose, but it is no time for formalities. I have been away, and have only just heard of this horror they say will happen. Ralph Herndon, they tell me, is to marry Miss Ruth Bentley."

I could dimly see the eager look on her face, but I did not heed it—I barely heard her words; I lived yet only in the first dread her presence brought me. A little closely she regarded me, and then—

"You do not deny it—you cannot," the mad words startled me—"and that is why I sent for you. I remembered your name upon the trunks, that day. I knew you an outsider, and—and I fancied I had a pity for that pretty girl, that my object was to break the truth to you, and save her from a crime. It was not; it was simply to hear from certain lips that this was all a lie. And yet you do not deny it—you cannot; but—what matters it? This marriage shall never be; it shall not, it cannot, because—"

"Because—"

The word echoed involuntarily from my lips. "Ralph Herndon is my husband."

I had been slowly comprehending, but to growing calmness; at this sure end I looked up quietly with a smile. This was but a madwoman I was talking with.

"My husband," she went on, triumphantly.

"But I conceal nothing—he never loved me; he married me in fulfillment of a death-bed promise, and two years ago I grew so weary of his kindness I ran away from him. Fate helped my plan; the vessel in which I sailed was wrecked, and my name numbered among the lost. I had no friends to mourn me, and I promptly took another name, and let it pass. I never meant to trouble him; I meant to die to him, but, when I heard this to-night, the old love, though at first I dreamed it not, surged back so madly—ah! it is madder now! This girl—how I revel in it!—this girl shall never marry him. What matters he may be divorced? From what I hear of the people at Fair Manor, all is safe, safe, safe. Go home and tell them: tell them the terrible disgrace from which they are saved. You do not believe me? Did you ever see a ring like this on Ralph Herndon's finger? They were our betrothal rings."

A little I started back and shuddered, and then—

The smile grew on my face again; only impatiently I broke away from her, and went out. The smile grew a laugh—a laugh at this absurdity, loud, merrier, as I hurried on, till suddenly I came upon my lover, turning in at Fair Manor gate.

"My darling—Christie—what are you doing out such a night as this?"

It came, as such things come—at times. With a wild shriek I shrank from him.

"Do not touch me; it is a crime!" I cried.

"Your wife is there, in that third house. I have been to her; I have seen your ring upon

her finger. She was not lost. She lives between us, and—do you know us Bentley people? Then you know it is for ever!"

One frenzied, I turned and fled from him.

Something happened; a thing unspeakable, born of a man's despair, when he came from her that night. It was long weeks ere I heard it: all I remember of it was—

A walk in delirium down to a quiet room, to take in mine a cold, dead hand, from which the diamond eye of a serpent flashed up its light at me.

## "BLACK BART,"

THE CLAUDE DUVAL OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

ON November 3d the stage on the Sonora Route, California, was stopped by a lone highwayman, armed with a double-barreled shotgun and disguised by a long duster which reached to his feet. His head and shoulders were covered with a corn-sack provided with eyeholes. During the past eight years incidents of this character have been of frequent occurrence in California, stages being stopped and robbed, and in nearly every case the robber was the same—"Black Bart," a *vis* "Po-8," the most remarkable highwayman of the country and probably the most daring and successful of modern times. In his expeditions he always went alone and on foot, never having had any confederate, and his weapon and disguise were always the same. He was audacious to the last degree, and his vein of humor is illustrated by pieces of doggerel rhyme which he frequently attached to the top of the treasure-box after rifling it. These effusions, which he signed sometimes "Po-8" (post), and sometimes "Black Bart," were written in a disguised chirography, from which it was impossible to trace the individual, though they then served to show that all the robberies were committed by the same person.

His *modus operandi* was to jump from his place of concealment, immediately in front of the lead horses, into a crouching position, and, so shielding himself, cover the occupants of the coach with his gun, and order the treasure-box and mail bags to be dropped, and the driver to proceed on his way. His depredations were solely for the sake of plunder, and he never exhibited any viciousness in taking or trying to take human lives. He was always polite to passengers, particularly so to ladies, as was his prototype, "Claude Duval." He was not addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages or tobacco, which perhaps explains the consummate coolness and nerve of the man. Evidently born a gentleman, well educated, thoroughly conversant with the general topics of the day, and a fascinating conversationalist, having withal a handsome face and figure, he was a general favorite and would have doubtless made himself at home in whatever company he found himself.

The coolness of the man was simply charming, and when eventually he was taken prisoner the astonishment of the detectives in San Francisco may well be imagined when they found that he was one of their own pet friends and admirers. On one occasion he lost his overcoat, and gave information to the police, who caught the thief and returned the coat, much to the amusement of the "Po-8." On another occasion, while lying in wait, he saw a man wrapped in a huge cloak approach the stage, and thinking that he also was a highwayman, he concluded to let him rob the stage and then surprise him. If successful, and levy blackmail in the shape of \$600, or else give the man up to the authorities and claim the large rewards which were offered for his apprehension, thereby doing penance by proxy and at the same time making a profitable haul. His luggage consisted of his blankets, in which he carried his disconnected shotgun and an ax with which he broke open the treasure-box; but this latter article he did not hamper himself with in his retreat, but left it with the empty box and the mail bags.

The doing of these robberies and the secrecy with which they were committed for a long time completely mystified the ablest detectives. No one at the scene of the exploit was sufficiently curious or plucky to challenge the identity of the man, but from glimpses obtained from time to time the conviction became general that he made San Francisco his headquarters. In his last robbery, in which he got away with nearly \$5,000, twenty-eight pounds of gold amalgam, he was hotly pursued, and being shot at by the driver, in his haste he dropped a handkerchief. This handkerchief had on it Chinese laundry marks, and they subsequently led to his arrest and conviction. Since his imprisonment he has given the detectives of Wells, Fargo & Co. a succinct list of the robberies committed by himself unaided, numbering no fewer than twenty-eight. He was shot twice by the driver and express messenger, but always seemed to bear a charmed life and escaped. On one occasion he hastily wrote on the back of an old way-bill which he put in the treasure-box for the benefit of the return driver:

"Driver, give my respects to the other driver, but I really had a notion to hang my old disguise hat on his weather eye."

On another occasion the poetical knight of the road wrote:

"Here I lay me down to sleep,  
To nail the coming morrow,  
Perhaps success, perhaps defeat,  
And everlasting sorrow."

"Let come what will, I'll try it on,  
My condition can't be worse,  
And if there's money in that box,  
'Tis money in my purse."

"BLACK BART, the Po-8."

He was capable of great endurance, sometimes covering large distances on foot without stopping for refreshments, which he generally obtained at some lonely cabin.

The real name of "Black Bart" is E. G. Bolles, and he is a native of Jefferson County, New York. His age is forty-seven, although he looks much older. He weighs about 165 pounds, and has an address and education which, otherwise directed than in putting to the blush the escapades of such characters as Claude Duval, Dick Turpin and Macheath, might have given him eminence in some useful and honorable work in life.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

THE seven hundred little children who are inmates of the New York Foundling Asylum have their own way of making Christmas merry, or, rather, it is made merry for them by the good Sisters of Charity, and by the members of the Ladies' Society, who from year to year unostentatiously devote themselves to the welfare of the most helpless of the human race. That delightful product of domestic horticulture, the Christmas-tree, which bourgeons out so gloriously under December's frosty breath, is represented by a fine specimen at the Home in Sixty-eighth Street. It was furnished this year by Mrs. Paul L. Thetard, who took care that upon it was something for each child, besides being resplendent in lights and decorations. The kindergarten classes are a pretty and interesting feature of the Asylum. These are two in



number, with about fifty children in each. The Kindergarten Hall is pleasantly located and brightly fitted up. A more charming sight can scarcely be imagined than that presented by these little ones, laughing, dancing and singing at their games, or grasping their gifts in tiny fingers. About fifty children, somewhat larger, attend an elementary class, in which the rudiments of education are imparted. The Sisters exert themselves to cultivate a home feeling amongst their charges, to as great an extent as is practicable in so large an institution. The visitor on beholding groups of children in the enjoyment of such scenes as our artist has depicted, would for the moment forget the sad background of their history, and imagine that they had always dwelt in the sunshine of home. On the 29th of December, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, a public reception is held, when friends are invited to see how much their charity can do to make these infants happy. During the past year 3,520 children and 507 homeless mothers were sheltered and provided for in the Asylum. Each foundling as received is numbered, and as soon as the children have attained the age of three or four years, the managers find suitable homes for them, the Sisters, meanwhile, retaining their supervision until the children shall have reached mature age.

#### A "CALICO BALL" IN PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA has had a grand calico ball. It was in reality a kind of fancy dress tea-party, held, on the evening of the 17th inst., in the Academy of Music, and was the first great social event of the season. Its object was a worthy one—the increase of the endowment fund of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art. The Museum is located in Memorial Hall on the former Centennial grounds in Fairmount Park. It had its beginning in the great Exposition of 1876, and will in future year. It is hoped rival in size and scope the renowned South Kensington collection in London. The ball was a brilliant success, financially as well as socially. The parquet of the Academy was converted into a dancing floor, which with the balconies and boxes, was crowded with an assemblage of some five thousand persons. The ladies, ostensibly robed in calico, displayed all conceivable, and many inconceivable, fancies in the way of artistic costume, so that the spectacle presented all the color-richness of an aesthetic kind of masquerade. Old paintings had been copied, rare plates consulted, and original designs made by artists. Oriental characters, shepherdesses, dairy maids, Italian peasant-maids and flower girls were numerous, and there were a number of elegant court costumes. Two orchestras furnished alternate dance and promenade music. About nine o'clock the drop-curtain of the stage rose, discovering Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, "Chairman" of the Associate Committee of Women to the Board of Trustees of the Museum, dressed as Martha Washington, surrounded by her aids, in the midst of a tropical scene. These ladies "received" the guests in costume who opened the ball with a fancy quadrille. Gentlemen were banished from this dance, in which seven hundred ladies took part—now advancing in long lines, now retreating, now courtesying, and again spinning round in the kaleidoscopic whirl of scores of circles. In one set all the ladies carried curious little colored parasols raised while they danced; in another, small red and blue balloons, which bobbed up and down in rhythm; in another, shepherd's crooks with ribbons—all of which, together with the numerous fantastic head-dresses, produced an effect unique and gorgeous in the extreme. The floor was then opened for all dancers, but the crowd was too great to admit of anything like poetry of motion. There were in the foyer seven booths, sumptuously arranged, presided over by the loveliest ladies of the Quaker City. Many were the devices for diverting loose change into the Museum fund. One was a lion which swallowed every coin placed in his paw, not refusing even trade dollars. Another was the sale of souvenir boxes of bon-bons and trinkets. In the Oriental booth was—

"The Persian's heaven, easily made,  
With houris' eyes and lemonade."

The belles of Germantown congregated at the Mother Goose table, while the "Shakespeare" had a facsimile of the exterior of the cottage at Stratford-on-Avon. It is said that the ball netted over \$6,000 profit, to be applied to the endowment fund of the Museum. The entire sum needed is \$250,000, of which \$50,000 is already collected. Already the Industrial Art Exhibition at Memorial Hall is of great importance, being visited by at least 15,000 persons monthly, and widening the field of employment for women as well as for men.

#### THE CANTALEVER BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.

THE new cantalever bridge of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, which spans the Niagara River in full view of the great cataract, was formally opened with imposing ceremonies on the 20th instant. Nearly 10,000 people gathered to witness the spectacle of the testing of the bridge, and prominent railroad men, engineers and others specially interested in the work were present from all parts of the country as invited guests. The test trains started at noon, during a heavy snow-fall, from the Canadian bank. They consisted of eleven locomotives profusely decorated with flags and eleven loaded gravel-cars, on each track, with an estimated weight of 1,900 tons. They stopped on each arm of the cantalevers and also on the middle truss in order to make efficient and thorough tests. This operation lasted one hour, and at one o'clock the train reached the American end, its arrival being announced with a simultaneous tooting and shrieking of whistles and ringing of bells on engines. The engineers and officials expressed themselves as satisfied with the test and with the bridge. The bridge is in every way a remarkable structure. The principle of the cantalever plan is that of a trussed beam supported at or near its centre, with the arms extending each way, and one end anchored or counter-weighted to provide for unequal loading. In practice it is entirely new, this being the only bridge completed upon this principle. The Fifth of North Bridge in Scotland, with a clear span of 1,000 feet, is being built upon this plan, and also in this country the Fraser River Bridge, 315 feet clear span, on the Canadian Pacific. These are the only examples of this design yet undertaken.

The total weight of the iron and steel entering into the composition of the massive structure is 3,000 tons. The bridge is of sufficient width for a double track, and is built to carry upon each track at the same time a freight train of the heaviest kind extending the entire length of the bridge, headed by two "consolidation" engines, and a side pressure of thirty pounds per square foot, which pressure is produced by a wind having a velocity of seventy-five miles per hour. Under these loads the structure is strained to only one-fifth of its ultimate strength. The total length of the bridge proper is 935 feet and 9 inches, divided into two cantalevers of 835 feet on the Canadian and 395 feet on the American side, supported on steel towers arising from the water's edge. A fixed span of 119 feet and 9 inches is suspended from and connects the river arms of cantalevers. The clear span across the river is 494 feet and 9 inches, being the longest double-track truss span ever yet built. The bridge spans a chasm of 859 feet from bluff to bluff. The total weight resting on each of the towers under a maximum condition of strain is in round numbers 3,200

tons. The total uplifting force that can be exerted on each of the shore arms of the cantalever is 340 tons, and the weight of each shore anchorage is 800 tons. It will be seen that every single piece of material is five times as strong as it actually need be, so that the bridge can be strained to only one-fifth of its ultimate strength.

The story of its construction is almost incredible. Work was commenced on the 15th of April last, the foundations were completed June 20th, the piers were capped late in August, and the towers being completed early in September, the first iron for the cantalever was run out on the 24th of that month. Both cantalevers were completed on the 17th instant. On November 20th a heavy beam of timber was thrown across, and the Canadian and American ganges of builders were able to clasp hands. The work of putting in the fixed span began early on November 21st, and when the hour of noon arrived the sections had been connected and the bridge practically completed.

The structure stands a monument to American engineering skill. The credit is due to the genius of Engineer C. C. Schneider, and in no less degree to the executive ability and tact of President George S. Field, of the Central Bridge Works, Buffalo, who executed and carried to a triumphant conclusion the plans of the engineer. The total cost of the bridge was \$600,000, and that of the approaches was about \$150,000.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Crown Prince in Spain.

Amid the booming of cannon and the din of thousands of enthusiastic sight-seers, the Crown Prince of Germany landed from the royal ship *Adalbert*, at beautiful Valencia. Never did this city of 108,000 inhabitants look to more advantage. The day was Spring-like, the air balmy and perfume-laden, the atmosphere transparent, the sun a glowing splendor, and the sky a keen deep-blue. From the heights of Misericordia to the towers of the Cathedral the panorama was simply one scene of enchanting beauty. The Crown Prince, who is no mean artist, was enraptured, and several times ere disembarking, uttered his appreciation of the scene in the most eulogistic language. All the notables were at the wharf, and a picked regiment of cavalry to act as escort. *The Puerta del Sol*—this mythical gateway—is the Fifth Avenue of Madrid, with just enough of the "shop" to render it attractive. It is the centre where all the great arteries of circulation meet and diverge, and where the chief pulse of Madrid life beats, heart and the high tides of affairs ebb and flow. Here are Government offices and hotels, palaces and lordly mansions belonging to Dons with a litany of names. To promenade here in the morning, and drive in the afternoon, is "correct form." It was in the Puerta del Sol that the "march past" was held in honor of the Crown Prince. His Royal Highness rode, and rode it well, a pure Arab, and dashed up to the pavilion in which the Queen of Spain, surrounded by the ladies of the Court, was seated, in true Paladin style.

##### Education in India.

One of the most interesting facts in connection with the social condition of India under British administration is the willingness of the upper classes of the natives, more especially in the Punjab, to provide liberally for the education of their own people. At the Government college at Lahore not only is a complete English education given to students, but the study of the classical languages of India, Arabic and Persian for the Mohammedans, and Sanskrit for the Hindus, has been revived, and there has been established an "Oriental College" side by side with the Government institution, together with a number of literary institutions, headed by the Anjuman-i-Punjab, or Punjab Association, for intellectual and social improvement. These educational enterprises are cordially appreciated by the higher class of natives, and their princes, chiefs and nobles, and other rich men, have contributed readily to the cost of carrying out the plans of their founder. The whole of the funds raised for the endowment of the National University of the Punjab, which celebrated its first official anniversary a fortnight since, came from this movement originated among the natives themselves, substituting without distinction of race or creed, the Lahore Government College, the Oriental College, a Law School, and a Medical School, are more immediately connected with the University, but all the schools and colleges in the Punjab, and some in other parts of India, preparing for its examinations, are *ipso facto* affiliated to it. More than a thousand candidates have presented themselves this year for degrees in Oriental learning, in arts, in medicine, in law, both Oriental and European, and for the time-honored titles of Pandit, Maulvi, or Bhal, which are specially coveted by the native priesthood, and by the hereditary learned classes of various denominations. These, to the number of nearly two hundred, frequent the Lahore Oriental College, which has about twenty teachers, and where they study their own literature, philosophy, law and medicine, with various branches of general knowledge and the analogous counterparts of European science. The Government College, conducted by four European and three native professors, has about one hundred students, who prepare for the B. A. and M. A. degrees of the University. Upwards of 190 original and translated works, in various Oriental languages, have been published by the now absorbed University College; and rewards are held out to authors and to native poets, of whom interesting gatherings have been held. We give an illustration of the Lahore Government College, and another of the Senate Hall of the University.

##### The Play of "The Birds."

Cambridge University, having resolved upon illustrating the comedy of the fifth century before Christ, has given a most successful performance of "The Birds," by Aristophanes. This comedy, the finest of the eleven extant by the same author, was acted B. C. 414, after the departure of the ill-fated Sicilian expedition, which suggested its composition. The acting of the Cantabs would have delighted Mahaffy, so true was it to the spirit of the wagish Greek playwright. In the first act a crow and a jay are looking for the hoopoe, to ask if he can suggest any snug city free from law and law courts. The hoopoe proposes to build a city in the clouds, and cut off the gods from their human worshippers. The hoopoe calls his wife, the nightingale, and takes the strangers to see his nest. In the parabasis the chorus offers asylum to all who wish to escape the restraints of the law. In act second the city is built and called Cloudcuckoo-town. In this act is a priest, a poet, a soothsayer, a geometer, an inspector and a phibistic vender. Envoys come from Olympus, and Prometheus suggests that the crow demand the hand of a daughter of Jupiter in order to adjust all difficulties. In act third everything turns out as Prometheus had anticipated, and a wedding song by all the birds winds up the play.

##### The War in the Soudan.

Kordofan, the country in which the army of Hicks Pasha was recently destroyed, lies west of the White Nile, and has as its chief towns El Obeid, the capital, and Bara. El Obeid, near which the late disastrous battle was fought, stands on a gradually sloping and undulating plain, with several groups of mountains behind it southward, ten or twenty miles distant, amongst which the army of Hicks Pasha was surprised by the Mahdi's overwhelming host. The houses of the native inhabitants, as they appear in this view of the town, are circular huts, thatched with reeds, and might from a distance look like tents. The town is not walled round, but is defended by a fort, and consists of five or six clusters

of clay-built dwellings, each occupied by people of a different nation; those of Darfur, the Dongolawi, the soulers from Burnou, Bariga, and Diagima, the Megreblin horsemen, and the foreign *tr-d-re*; while El Oria, "the camp," contains the Government buildings, and residences of the Egyptian officials, who are here called "Turks." There are five mosques, one built of brick, with a very small minaret; the Governor's house, one of the few houses with upper floors; barracks and military storehouses, with powder magazine, a hospital and a Roman Catholic mission-house, dependent on that of Khartoum. The market place, with four parallel rows of shops or booths devoted to the sale of fruit and other vegetables, fuel, grain, milk, an intoxicating drink called "merissa," and balls of grease for dressing the hair, is frequented by the townsfolk and by the country people, some of whom ride in upon the backs of oxen. There is considerable export trade in gum, and in the ivory, tamarinds, and ostrich feathers, brought from the wider regions beyond. Payment is made in pieces of gray calico, which are cut into lengths of four yards and dyed blue; one piece of dark blue, with one piece of light blue, being regarded as a dress. The Kordofanese never sell their own slaves, but treat them kindly, as Mohammedans generally do; the slave-trade, with its unspeakable cruelties, is practiced on captives stolen from heathen nations.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

William H. Vanderbilt has commissioned Meissonier to paint a great military picture, to rival, if possible, his famous "1807," for which the late Mr. Stewart paid \$20,000.

Experts in chemistry have estimated that the cost of London's winter smoke and fog is \$25,000,000 annually; that is to say, constituents of coal to this value escape unconsumed, and pass off in forming the sooty vapor.

A Correspondent, Dr. R. B. Johnstone, of Pittsford, N. Y., referring to the recent statement in this column that M. V. Burg has discovered that copper is a preventive and cure for cholera, says that the information was given to the world by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann when M. V. Burg was yet in long dresses. Had he read Dr. Hahnemann's lesser writings, he would have saved himself thirty years of trouble.

Four-sided Driving-belts, made of ropes, are reported as the latest invention pertaining to the mill industry in England. They are made in separate sections and screwed together in such a manner that the connection offers no resistance to the pulley. The inventors claim that this form of driving belt is more durable and stronger than leather belts. Their relative value, so far as prices are concerned, is not mentioned, which seems to be rather a suspicious neglect of a principal point.

The Stupendous Works erected by the early Peruvians, which have recently been found by travelers, must give us a high opinion of the state of civilization which existed in that country several hundred years ago. The large aqueducts, the building of reservoirs, the erection of dams, the careful cultivation of the land, and the manifold uses which they found for their products, all tend to prove that ancient Peru was in almost every respect far superior to the Peru of the present day.

The London *Lumber Trade Journal* states that a new method of tree felling by dynamite has been introduced. A cartridge of the explosive substance is placed in a channel bored directly under the tree to be operated upon, and when exploded the tree is simply forced up bodily and falls intact on its side. If this system works as well as it is represented to do, and the tree is not fractured by the force of the explosion, a large proportion of valuable wood at the base of the trunk can be utilized which is now lost.

A Wisconsin correspondent, believing that steam must eventually be used for flying machines, suggests that a sufficient lifting hold upon the air to carry a small engine and boiler might be obtained with two parachutes. He would place them one above the other, with valves similar to those in a bird's wing to retard downward motion, while the lifting and propelling power would be obtained from the upper parachute; the lower parachute, from which would be worked a long rudder, also to form a check valve to the upper one, the tilting of the latter to furnish the propelling power.

The Finnish Senate has voted a sum of 37,000 marks to Professor Lemström for the continuation of his experiments with the aurora borealis at Sodankylä in the Finnish Lapmark during 1882-3. The plan to be followed during the present winter at this station is to make observations three times in every twenty-four hours, with the exception only of the first and fifteenth of every month, when they are made every five minutes throughout the twenty-four hours, and three days of the month when they will be effected every half minute during two hours. In order partly to obtain the necessary data for the control of the variation of the current from the atmosphere with the latitude, and partly to reduce the effect of probable influences, a branch station will be temporarily established during the months of November, December, January, February and part of March, at the buildings of the Kuitala gold works, some distance from the principal station at Sodankylä. At Kuitala exhaustive experiments will be made as to the effect which the increase of the area of the "aström rings" apparatus, invented by Professor Lemström for producing the aurora borealis, has on the intensity of the current. The observations will in other respects be the same at both stations. At Sodankylä they will be continued until September 1st, 1884.

#### Death-roll of the Week.

DECEMBER 16TH.—In Washington, D. C., Representative Dudley C. Haskell, of Kansas, aged 41 years; in Paris, France, Mr. Emil Justh, of the firm of Justh & Co., in New York City, a former Hungarian refugee, and follower of Kossuth, aged 58 years; in St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Joseph Well, a well-known New York merchant, aged 65 years; in Boston, Mass., Professor Evangelinus A. Sophocles, for forty years identified with Harvard University, as tutor, assistant professor and professor of ancient, Byzantine and modern Greek, and author of several valuable text books, aged 76 years; in Philadelphia, Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbridge, for over forty years the Physician-in-Chief and Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, aged 75 years; in Milwaukee, Wis., Commodore William B. Whiting, on the retired list of the United States Navy, aged 70 years; in Lancaster, Ohio, General William J. Reese, one of the best known Masons in the United States, having instituted in 1828 the first Commandery, Lancaster No. 2, aged 79 years. DECEMBER 17TH.—In Philadelphia, Pa., the Rev. Charles A. Stork, President of the Lutheran Seminary at Gettysburg, December 18th.—In Westport, Mr. Oliver Ellsworth Wood, an old New York merchant, aged 71 years; in Baltimore, Md., Mr. Elijah Stansbury, a prominent member of the Association of Old Defenders, aged 92 years; in Montclair, N. J., Mr. John F. Trippe, one of the first wholesale druggists of New York, aged 81 years. DECEMBER 19TH.—In Boston, Mass., the Rev. Thomas D. Anderson, pastor of the South Baptist Church, aged 64 years; in Saratoga, Mr. Charles F. Paul, of the *Daily Saratogian*, an ardent out of 49, and one of the original publishers of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, December 20th.—In Boston, Mass., the Rev. John Burd Wright, the oldest Unitarian clergyman in the country, aged 91 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., Brevet Major-General Thomas J. Cram (retired), of the Engineer Corps.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—MINNESOTA's butter product for 1883 will nearly reach 15,000,000 pounds, worth \$5,300,000.

—THE new Ananite King will reside at Bac-ninh or Sonlay, and will be supported by Chinese soldiers.

—A BILL for the taxation of incomes derived from personal property has been introduced in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet.

—A DISPATCH from the committee in Paris states that Barthold's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" is now entirely finished.

—THE President has appointed a Board of army and navy officers to consider the question of sending another expedition to the relief of Lieutenant Greeley.

—FURTHER native accounts of the battle between El Mahdi's forces and those of Hicks Pasha state that Hicks Pasha's hands were first cut off, and that he was afterwards cut to pieces. Three thousand men of Hicks Pasha's army were taken prisoners.

—THE total number of sailing vessels of all the world is 48,704, gauging 30,647,377 tons. Of these more than a third carry the English flag, and less than a twentieth that of France, which ranks seventh, being below America, Italy, Germany and Russia.

—IN the matter of music the English and most other European nations are far behind the Germans. According to statistics recently published, there are 300 towns in the German Empire possessing orchestras and choral societies that give concerts in the season.

—THE German navy now comprises thirteen ironclads, of which seven are frigates and six corvettes. There are thirty-one cruisers, of which twenty-one are corvettes and ten gunboats, besides thirteen ironclad-gunboats and fifteen torpedo boats for coast defense.

—THE expense of the war on which France entered when she undertook, in 1870, to march on Berlin, is now declared to be \$1,727,000,000. As the war began in August and ended in January, the cost to France was nearly ten millions a day, besides the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

—COLORADO is said by the *Denver Tribune* to have a settled population of 300,000 and a taxable valuation of \$110,000,000, representing an actual property value of \$200,000,000. She is traversed by 3,000 miles of railroad, and in 1882 her mines yielded about \$26,000,000 in gold and lead.

—IN connection with the Dominion Government lands some startling revelations have recently come to light, where members of the Canadian Parliament supporting the Government have secured vast tracts of valuable lands in the Northwest at nominal figures, and then turned the property over, realizing large fortunes out of the transaction. The matter will be investigated.

—PRIOR to the departure from New York last week of the delegates of the French workmen they issued an address to the workmen of America, in which they expressed in the most enthusiastic terms their thanks for the manner in which they had been received in this country, and their satisfaction at finding the war cry of labor, "Vive l'Internationale," being taken up by thousands of workmen in all the cities they have visited.

—THE Legislative Committee of the Labor Congress of New Jersey have agreed upon their proposed substitute for the system of contract prison labor. They ask the abolition of the contract system; that not more than twenty persons be employed at one branch of business; that two hours each day shall be devoted to the moral and intellectual instruction of the inmates; that a portion of the earnings of prisoners be placed to their credit, and after expenses are deducted the remainder be paid to their wives and families, and if they have none, to themselves at the expiration of their term of service.

—AFTER St. Louis had experimented unsatisfactorily with wood, asphalt, granite, and other material for pavements, a hundred public spirited men contributed \$50 each towards a fund to test fire-brick for paving purposes. The test was made in the busiest streets. A committee of engineers and others have just reported that "fire-brick show all the endurance of granite, and that they make a smoother, cleaner and less noisy street, and are more easily repaired and give a better foothold to horses; that neither frost nor fire affects them, and they can be used at less than half the cost of granite."

—CREDIT for the most elaborate scheme ever devised by a merchant to attract customers must probably be awarded to a drygoods firm in Melbourne, Australia. Whether or not it will produce the desired result remains to be seen. Behind the shop is a large garden, ornamented with aviaries and aquaria, in which open-air concerts, vocal and instrumental, will be given daily. The basement of the large building has been fitted up with all the conveniences of a club for gentlemen, including a library and reading room, and a restaurant. A cozy apartment with similar accessories has been provided for ladies.

—A PHILADELPHIA museum has just been enriched by the arrival of five Botocudo Indians from Brazil. The most conspicuous characteristic of this tribe, not excepting their peculiar hatred of water and love of human flesh, is their custom of wearing disks of wood inserted in slits in their ears and under-lips, which are thus stretched in a grotesque and frightful manner. One of these visiting Botocudos is a woman whose ears hang down upon her shoulders, to the admiration and despair of her rivals at home. This custom of voluntary mutilation is said to be dying out, the older women alone adhering to it with any degree of enthusiasm.

—"SARAH BARNUM," the satirical biography of Sarah Barnard, written by her former friend, Marie Colombar, has been the cause of a duel between friends of the women, and of a scandalous quarrel between the actress and the author. Sarah, inquired because she was described as a "She Barnum," asked the Paris police to seize the book. The police replied that she must seek redress at the civil tribunal. Sarah, with her son, proceeded a few days since to Marie Colombar's residence, and struck the author of the book in the face with her riding whip with her full force. Marie fled, pursued by Sarah, who smashed everything in her way. Meanwhile the friends of the women indulged in a free fight in another part of the house. It is stated that the affair will lead to a number of duels.

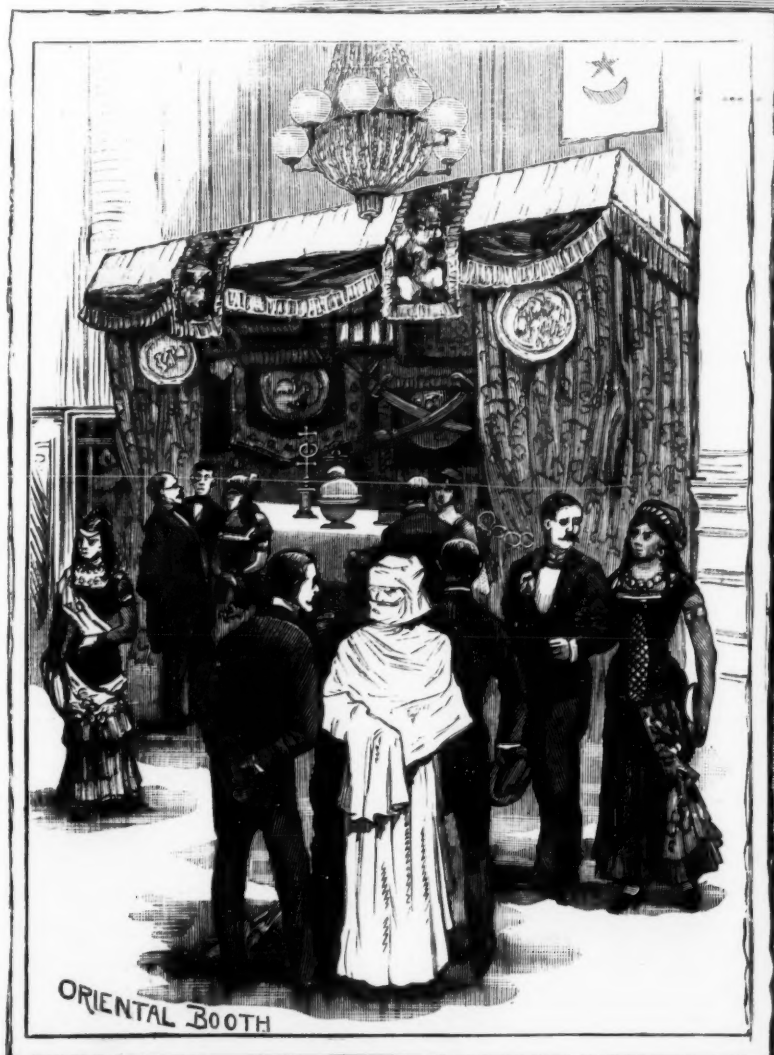
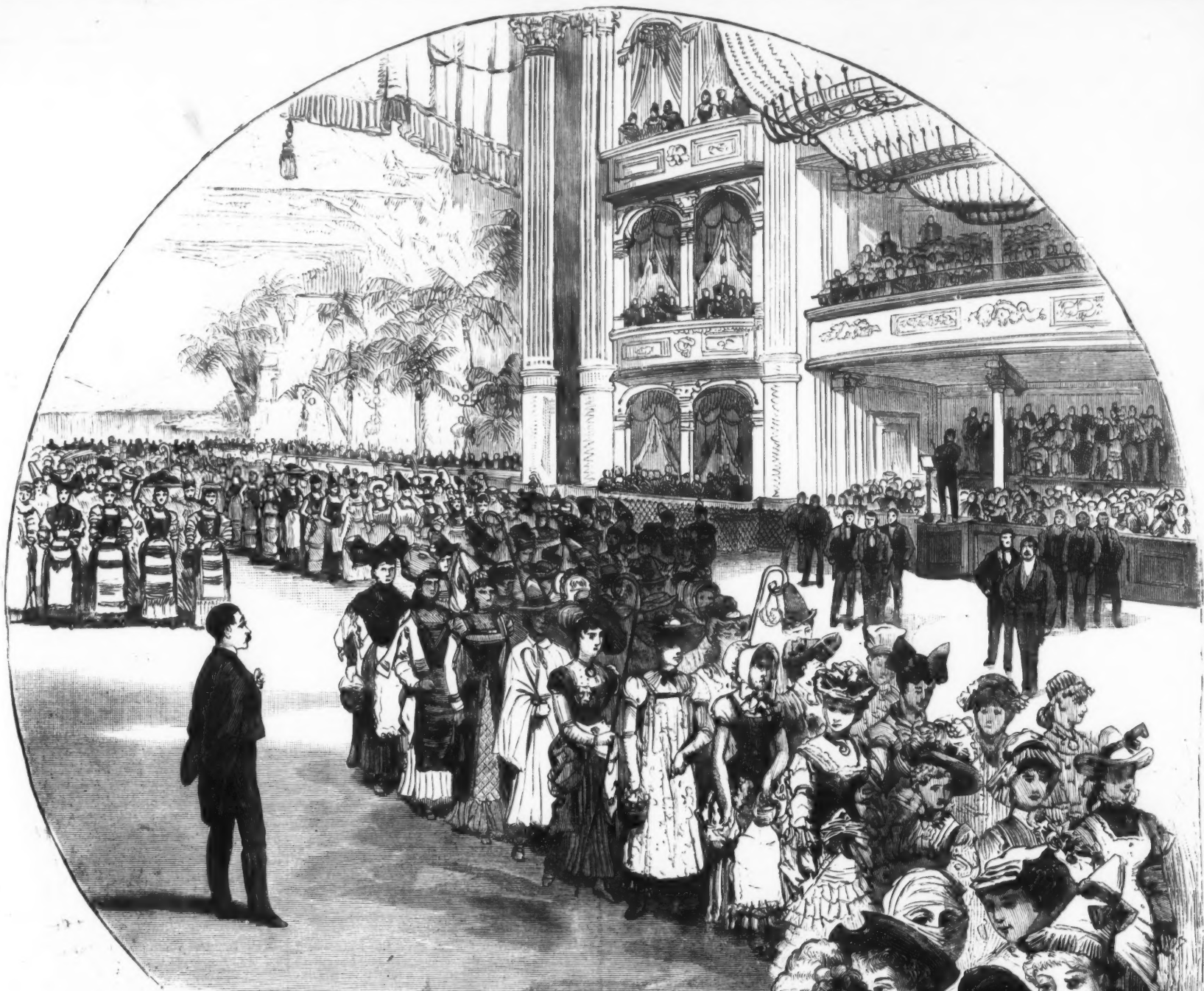
—It is announced that Mr. Albert Jay Jones, of Providence, R. I., who was for nearly thirty years a resident of Rome, Italy, and who is an accomplished connoisseur in art, proposes to give to the Government of the United States, Monte Baldrino, an estate of fifteen acres in the suburbs of Rome, which the advancing city is fast approaching, with a view of promoting the art training of Americans. The building is beautifully situated, about a third of a mile from the Vatican, and contains more than fifty rooms. It is valued at 200,000 francs, about \$40,000 of our money. As the result of this donation, an American Academy of Fine Arts may arise in Rome, to the advancement of American art and the honor of the American name. Mr. Jones's proposition has been communicated through Senator Anthony to the Secretary of State.





NEW YORK.—SCENES AT THE FOUNDLING ASYLUM OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, ON SIXTY-EIGHTH STREET.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 294.





PENNSYLVANIA.—GRAND CALICO COSTUME TEA PARTY AND BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 17TH, IN AID OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART.—THE GRAND MARCH.

FROM A SKETCH BY G. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 295.



## FOR A SONG'S SAKE.

BY PHILIP BURKE MARSTON.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED).

FOR nearly an hour Montague wandered about the room, speaking to people who were all of more or less interest. Then he took leave of his hostess. As he was putting on his coat, in the hall, Mrs. Heather's carriage was loudly called. Just for a moment he lingered, then he stepped out into the soft April night, and, lighting a cigarette, made for Museum Street. He found Mabel sitting with a pile of socks and shirts before her, which she was actively engaged in repairing.

"Why! you dear, dear, industrious little woman!" he said, coming in. Then he knelt down by her, as he was very fond of doing, and put both arms around her, and looked up at her proudly. There was in her beauty such a wonderful depth and shade.

"I think you do like to look at me," she said, in her quiet, soothing voice, and her fingers began moving through his hair.

Of course she must know all about his evening, and when he described, with great ardor, Mrs. Heather, and asked her if she were not jealous, she laughed and said:

"No; not at all!"

"And why aren't you, Mab?"

"Because you are too frank about her. I will find out fast enough, and surely enough, if any other woman ever comes to take my place!"

"Put your work away, you very wise woman. I see there's no fun to be got out of you, at all!"

The next Monday afternoon Herbert presented himself at Mrs. Heather's house in Brook Street.

"How good of you to come and see me!" she said.

"I thought you would excuse my being a late visitor," he replied, "but I am hard at work, and the light is, you know, my master."

"I am glad you came late," she answered. "It gives us more chance of talking. I hope I shall have no more callers this afternoon—some of them do bore me so! Will you tell me about the picture you are painting?"

"With pleasure. It is taken from Rossetti's wonderful poem, 'Staff and Scrip.' The Queen, among her maidens, is waiting for the return of the Knight who has gone forth for her deliverance. These are the lines I take:

"But the Queen held her brows and said:  
"It is the cry of Victory!"

"Upon the faces of her ladies different expressions are visible. Some are flushed with triumph, others look anxious, but on the Queen's face there is a look of fatal comprehension. You should see that she feels, by an awful intuition, that they are bringing her lover and Knight home—dead."

"I see," replied Mrs. Heather. "If you can paint that look it will be a splendid picture. But can you? There is nothing else in the picture out of which you can get a great effect but that."

"I think you are quite right. I have often before felt that I had been misguided in my choice of a subject."

"I don't think so in the least," she returned, looking at him with those wonderful eyes of hers. "Your soul must see the look, and your hand must reproduce it."

"You are confident of an artist being able to master his subject?"

"I know that genius can!"

"But have I genius?"

"Yes!"

No woman knew the art of making monosyllables impressive better than Mrs. Heather. The tone in which she now said "Yes" implied: "Of course you have, and if you had ever any doubt of it, you can rest assured, now, that I have told you of the fact." There was not in her manner the least ray of conceit or affectation. It was only that she relied calmly on her own critical perceptions, which were, I am bound to say, almost invariably right. She was a woman inspired to appreciate. The beauty of rightly chosen words, or of wonderful colors, touched her senses so sharply as to be almost pain—just as we, who love music passionately, feel our soul stung to divine agony, when from the hand of a master we hear the long drawn notes of a violin. But the keen and exquisite pleasure she took in all forms of beauty did not lessen the interest she had in all questions of thought. Her intellect was as vigorous as her imagination was subtle. She was one of those few women born to reign. Her praise quickened Montague's pulses; but he said, almost brusquely:

"Is not our conversation growing too personal?"

"Then, let us change it. I hope you like my cat," and she pointed to a superb Persian beauty lying at her feet.

"I do—tremendously. I suppose you are great friends."

"Yes, we get along very well together. She is beautiful to look at—too beautiful to have much heart. Indeed, I don't think she has any at all. Few cats have much. My beautiful Persian is a blessing to my eyes. Every time I look at her they send up a little thanksgiving; but she is no comfort to my hands; she never deigns to sit on my lap. I assure you I shall shock you, but I don't mind; there have been times when I have been absolutely hungry for some dear, homely tabby, who would like to be stroked, who would rub her soft, dear head into my hand, cat-like. My Persian looks down on all affection."

"She becomes you very much," replied Montague.

"Indeed? I never thought of it in that light, and that surely should console me. Now, after this rest—that is, if you don't really mind—I want to be personal again. I think you are more interesting than my cat, beautiful as she is."

Was it not a fascinating voice, that voice of Mrs. Heather's?

"What shall I tell you, then? I am an only son. I angered my father by my choice of a profession. I live in one of the strongholds of Bohemia, and am not generally popular."

"Thank you; but I didn't mean such details as those. I wanted to hear a little more about your work—what you yourself thought of your picture—if you were doing anything else as well; but if you don't wish to tell me any more, pray don't. I suppose I ought never to have asked you."

She spoke with such grave, sweet dignity that Herbert, whom we know to be impulsive, was mentally swept off his feet and exclaimed:

"There is nothing I would not tell you. You don't think I have been rude, do you?"

"Yes, if you want me to speak the truth. I think you were a little rude."

"And you will set me down as a prig, and never forgive me, and—who knows, we might have been such good friends."

"And shall we not? I have taken no offense."

"You have forgiven me, then?"

"Don't be absurd. I have nothing to forgive."

At this juncture the conversation was cut short by the entrance of Mr. Pinlake, who seemed meekly put out at finding another visitor. As Montague took leave, he said:

"Shall you be at our friends, the Jacksons, Thursday week?"

"Most decidedly I shall! This literary life, which I suppose bores you all very much, is to me something wonderful and strange and delightful."

"Then we shall probably meet there?"

When he reached home he found Mabel ready dressed to go out with him to one of their quiet dinners.

"Well," she asked, as he stood with one arm thrown round her neck, his fingers playing with the ends of her soft, dark hair, "was she as fascinating as ever?"

"Oh, quite! She certainly is a most charming and intellectual woman. When it is known that we are married, I hope you will be able to see a great deal of each other. Kiss me, my dark-eyed beauty. Now, let us go!"

So they do go, talking and laughing very happily, turning over books at book-stalls, and looking in at old furniture shops. At length they reach the restaurant for which they are bound. There they partake of a modest, two-shilling *table d'hôte* dinner, with a bottle of champagne. After coffee, Herbert proposes a stroll, and whether do they wander but to the very spot where they first met. What a different night this one was to that February one—of which the two were doubtless thinking. There seemed now a soft-searching, compelling spirit of tenderness in the air. They walked back very silently, but it seemed to Mabel that her husband never loved her so well as he did that night.

It was a very pleasant memory that Montague entertained of Mrs. Heather. Her voice teased him, like a subtle air of music which ever eludes one's endeavors to capture it. If he could once hear it again, he thought, it would cease thus to haunt him. So when the next Monday came he resolved to look in upon her.

"What, again?" said Mabel, when she heard of his intention.

"Why not?" he replied, gayly, brushing his hat as he spoke. "She is an extremely nice woman, and then, what I am afraid of is still more to the point, she is a very rich woman, and, I should fancy, a great picture-buyer. I have not been doing my duty by you, my darling, in giving up society, as I have been doing. But don't think I like it. Certainly, I would rather talk to a woman like Mrs. Heather than to most of the women I meet. You know too well how I love you to be jealous. Good by for a little while, darling."

So he kisses her and goes.

When he reached Mrs. Heather's he found there a great number of people. The room was full of flowers, and the mistress of it was looking her queenliest.

The first man to whom Montague spoke was Mr. Pinlake, who observed, in a manner which was at once meek and ostentatious:

"Really, I never thought I should have the pleasure of meeting you so soon again. I suppose work is rather slack."

"Quite the reverse!" replied Herbert, dryly.

"I have left my work at some sacrifice for the sole pleasure of improving my acquaintance with Mrs. Heather. I see there are a lot of people here that I know." And he moves on.

Presently great attention prevails while Mrs. Heather sings. Her voice had neither the exquisite sweetness or perfect finish of Mabel's, but there was a rare note in it which struck you—a strange thrilling power that fascinated you. It rose and fell fitfully, like a wind. She could not, of course, speak much to any one person, and as Montague had come solely for the purpose of talking to her, he began internally to fume. He had talked art and politics for over an hour with people who rather bored him, and, as the rooms were still quite full, he went to take leave. He had chosen his time, fortunately, for Mrs. Heather was standing alone at a side table, looking over a portfolio of engravings for a particular one she wanted.

"How full your rooms are!" he said. "I am going to make you one less."

"Don't!" she answered, without looking up. "Stop till the rest are gone, and then I will show you some really nice things."

"Do you think I want any bribe to stay?" he replied.

"Of course I do, and a very heavy one, too!"

"Then, I may really stay till the rest are gone?"

"May you? Haven't I just asked you? Go and talk to Miss Sprig, will you? No one seems to be noticing her at all. Will you? Thanks."

"I will do anything I am told."

"Dear me! how nice you must be. I don't find your sex generally so obedient."

So he goes to make himself agreeable to Miss Sprig, which he does very successfully, being in high good humor. In course of time the guests do depart, leaving Pinlake and our friend in possession.

"You are tired," said Montague, earnestly, looking full at Mrs. Heather with those very eloquent eyes of his.

"I don't think so."

"But I know you are."

"How grieved I am," says little Mr. Pinlake. "I think, Mr. Montague, we had better follow the example of the others."

To which Mrs. Heather replies: "You will do nothing of the kind!" And when the bard pursues the matter further, she says with her most queenly air: "Please, my dear Mr. Pinlake, don't say anything more about it. Don't you know, by this time, that when I say a thing I mean it?"

This slight reproof does not altogether please the sensitive poet, and before very long he takes himself off.

"An old friend of yours, isn't he?" asks Herbert.

"Oh, I have known him about a year. He is good enough to believe in something about me. I am sure I don't know what. Some times he bores me, but more often he amuses me. And then you can't think in how many ways he makes himself useful to me!"

"What a happy fellow!" said Montague. "Can't he be useful?"

"Yes, of course you can!"

"What shall I do?"

"Show me your studio."

"I would, with pleasure, but I have nothing there worth showing now. I have a few sketches, which I could bring you if you cared to see them."

"Thank you. I shall keep you to your word."

When he rose she said:

"Must you really go now. It is only a little after seven. I don't dine till eight. Can't you stay till then?"

"May I?" he replied, with unfeigned pleasure in his look and voice. "I certainly will, if I may."

"I am glad you will, for at these great, crowded evenings one gets no opportunity for anything like real talk, and I have a hundred and one things I want to ask you, about books, pictures, persons, disputed questions, and I don't know what besides. I am so glad to find that you agree with me in thinking Linscott the greatest living poet. Other poets, perhaps, may have more robust intellects, but surely in supremacy of vision he goes beyond them all. Then there is no stop of the instrument which he has not mastered. His verse, which at times can thunder, at other times will seem to have in it all the wonderful quiet of the country just after sunset. I confess it is a quiet which depresses me, for I seem to feel through it the spirit of a great, inconsolable sorrow."

"It is not that, I think," replied Montague, "but rather that a peace so stainless and profound saddens us by making it so apparent how different is the great peace of Nature from any rest which we poor wanderers of the earth may hope to enjoy."

"I suppose that may be it," she answers, rather dreamily; "but, sitting here in this room, even, I feel an unutterable melancholy to think of long ranges of low hills clothed with quiet, and visible through the soft, Summer twilight; of wide green voiceless pastures; some small, uncertain note of bird or insect flitting through the silence; but for that it is so still that you could almost fancy you heard the dew falling. Please say something to make me cheerful again. Here is an opportunity for you to be useful!"

It would be impossible to describe the charm of Mrs. Heather's manners and conversation. She was emotional without being sentimental, imaginative without being high-flown, witty without being hard. The things she wore and the things in her room were all exquisitely in harmony with herself.

"I may come and see you again?" he said, when he rose to go.

"I shall think it very kind of you if you will."

"May I come often?"

"Yes."

"May I come some afternoon when you are quite alone, and bring you some of my sketches?"

"I wish you would do that. Let us fix an afternoon, now. Shall we say next Tuesday?"

"That will do for me, perfectly."

So it was settled and they said "good-by" quite like old friends.

Montague must have been walking in the streets for about an hour before he became aware of the fact. It also occurred to him that he had had no dinner. Why was he walking in this manner, like a vessel drifting? Was it that his mind was preoccupied with the thought of Mrs. Heather? Very likely, and why not? Her conversation had greatly interested him; but probably he had kept Mabel waiting for her dinner, and his heart smote him, as, without any more delay, he turned his steps homeward. Of course Mabel had been waiting for him. It is a bad sign when wives give up this foolish fond habit. Herbert was awfully shocked, but when he showed her how greatly to his interest as a painter the time so spent had been, she seemed to see it quite in the same light. But was he sure that she was really as satisfied with it as she said she was? Through his life he had known very little about women, but he had always heard that they were jealous. It seemed to him half as if Mabel were trying to keep something from him.

"Is anything troubling you, my darling?" he said, very tenderly to her. "You couldn't be such a foolish child as to be jealous of any one, could you, Mab?"

"No, not if you are quite sure you love me the same as you used to do," she answered, a little gravely, the warm color rising in spite of herself.

"Love you the same?" he responded, passionately. "I love you more than ever. My love for you grows with every minute of every day!"

"How you will love me, then, in twenty years' time, won't you?" she answered, with one of her delightful smiles.

"Don't you like me to love you more and more every day, Mab?"

"Yes! Love me all you can, and you can never love me more than I want to be loved," she said, shyly, even reverently.

He knew her voice to be the dearest and sweetest in the whole world, but it did not shut out, now, another voice, whose quick tones lingered in his ear. While he believed most thoroughly everything he said to Mabel, while he fondled her dark hair, while he called her by every endearing name he could think of, he was smiling to himself to remember what a look of pleasure and surprise had passed over Mrs. Heather's face when he had asked so earnestly for permission to come again soon. If a man is at all impressed by a woman, the most dangerous thing for his peace of mind that she can do is to assume that he is further gone about her than he is. Provided he sees that his admiration flatters her, the position is at once made easy for him. Tacitly some rare privileges have been accorded to him. We are all of us experimentalists, and the experiment of a long clasp of the hand at parting, or of an appealing look, or of some subtle speech—all these come very naturally to men to try, and if, in the beginning, they said perhaps a little more than they meant, they often end by not being able to say as much as they would.

"Put your things on, Mab," said Herbert; "late as it is, I should like a stroll!"

(To be continued.)

## PROBLEMS OF THE TIME.

(Continued from page 215.)

As the missionary would certainly not write the sermons he preached to the heathen unless he also were a lunatic, he would have no business use for paper except to receipt for his quarterly pay. The quantity required for this purpose would not render him competent as an expert to tell whether the little he used came from England or from Massachusetts. He would, therefore, be a very incompetent instructor for an Economist. It is possible, however, that the missionary eked out the income he got from the natives of Massachusetts by teaching the Zulus and Basutos a religion which they could not understand by accepting a return-mission from the Basutos and Zulus to teach their system of Political Economy to Professor Perry. If so, the return mission was a dead swindle on the part of the missionary, as Professor Perry, being already on a level in Political Economy with the African natives, needed no further conversion.

The conditions relating to hosiery and dress goods of all except the extremely expensive kinds resemble those above outlined as to crockery. The revenue on these, therefore, is divided. I have frequently already published the statement made to me a year ago by Mr. Marshall Field, the leading importer and drygoods merchant of Chicago, that in all ordinary woolen and cotton goods for common wear by the business men and working classes, the American market is the cheapest market in the world. Six-sevenths of the goods of this class consumed here are now made in America. Our cotton sheetings and cotton prints are selling in Manchester and Liverpool, as well as in every port on the globe. It does not follow that they are not helped by Protection, for our duty secures to our cotton producers an exclusive American market in addition to whatever foreign markets may be open to them.

To apply the principles above outlined to our entire tariff list, keeping in view the influences which vary the degree in which an import duty may affect the price, would involve a schedule so long that if I should offer to print it Mrs. Frank Leslie would eliminate it with her scissors. It would show that of the \$212,000,000 of duties on imports now collected, the proportion collected from foreign producers and not chargeable over to American consumers varies with the fluctuations in the state of foreign and domestic prices, never coming below \$40,000,000, and seldom, perhaps, rising above \$60,000,000.

Few writers are so crude, hasty and misinformed concerning the effects of duties upon prices as John Stuart Mill, who writes on this point like a man who never bought a yard of tape in his life, but who has studied political economy on the inside of a hog-head and talks it through the bung hole. There are, however, gleams of sense and truth in his writings; for instance, he says (Vol. II, p. 457): "Those are, therefore, in the right who maintain that taxes on imports are partly paid by foreigners." His application of the principle in practice shows less knowledge of the laws and conditions of trade than would be shown by Wilkins Micawber.

IV.—THE FOURTH MODE IN WHICH DUTIES ON IMPORTS OPERATE TO PROTECT THE INDUSTRIES OF THE COUNTRY IMPOSING THEM IS WHEN, BY INCREASING THE NUMBER OF OCCUPATIONS AND ENTERPRISES THAT CAN BE CARRIED ON WITHIN A COUNTRY TO THE PROFIT OF THE MAN WHO RISKS HIS CAPITAL IN THEM (THE "ENTREPRENEUR"), THEY INCREASE THE FULLNESS AND DIVERSITY WITH WHICH THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF A COUNTRY ARE DEVELOPED AND USED, THEREBY CAUSING MORE EMPLOYEES TO COMPETE FOR THE HIRE OF LABOR, AND SO RAISING THE RATE OF WAGES, OR THE NUMBER OF WORKERS THAT CAN FIND WORK AT THAT RATE, OR BOTH.

I have shown that the only duties which can increase prices at all are those which rest on the importation of an article of which our domestic production is inadequate to supply the demand. Such is the case of wheat. If the duty raises the price without starting the domestic production, it is a revenue duty, since the whole duty paid goes to the Treasury, and there are no domestic producers to protect. Such is the case of tea, and such until recently was that of silk goods. The duties which enhance prices are limited, therefore, to those which are stimulating a domestic production not yet adequate to supply the domestic demand. If there are fifty or five hundred duties that enhance prices, that means that there are fifty or five thousand new sets of employers competing with each other for the hire of labor. If a new country like Australia has hitherto imported clothing, and had but few occupations, viz., raising sheep, shearing sheep transporting wool to market, and importing and selling clothes and groceries for the wool-growers, and if protective duties on woolen goods start the occupations of scouring, dyeing, spinning, weaving and tailoring, the number of occupations will be increased from five to nine, and the number of competitors for the hire of labor in like proportion; at least, the degree of competition for the hire of labor which was caused abroad by the manufacture of the cloth abroad, will be trans-



ferred to Australia, and added to the previous competition for the hire of labor there.

Labor obtains employment only on condition that the employer, or *entrepreneur*, can sell the product of the labor at a profit after paying wages and the interest on his capital. An *entrepreneur*, or employer, is generally a man or corporation who borrows his capital. In this country it is so usually true that the *entrepreneurs* keep the workers busy that workmen fall into the habit of thinking that work comes by some sort of inevitable necessity like sunrise or the tides. Many workmen imagine that it is the great corporations and employing capitalists who cause their wages to be as small as they are, rather than that it is to these that they owe the fact that they can earn any wages at all. But in fact, it is the competition of the *entrepreneurs* with each other that advances wages. It is the extent and number of the enterprises that can be made profitable that increases the competition of the *entrepreneurs*, and Protection determines the extent and number of the enterprises that can be made profitable when such enterprises have to be begun against the competition of older or stronger foreign competitors. Without Protection, therefore, American labor cannot at present, against foreign labor, be kept fully employed. With adequate protection at all points it can. Nothing else can do it; for where the "boss" cannot make a profit labor must go out. India and China are examples of countries where the *entrepreneurs* are far behind the labor supply, because every man who gets a petty competency sufficient to cover his wants for the rest of his life stops work. They have not there the great corporations, large fortunes and vast "monopolies," as we call them, which have distinguished Roman, English and American civilization because they have not the same power of combination. Hence their wages of labor are low—two or three cents a day. Millions compete for employment, but no employers compete for labor. The surplus capitals of the rich employed in reproduction and competing with each other for the labor of the unemployed are the cause of rise in rates of wages. Wealth not needed for present consumption, and therefore invested in building houses for rental, causes rents to fall. Wealth to lend lowers rates of interest.

The whole cost of all commodities and enjoyments resolves itself finally into one of another of three forms of compensation for labor, viz.: 1. *Wages of labor*, which covers merely the cost of employing all those workmen whose toil perfects the commodity, and perfects each raw material that enters into the commodity, after others have supplied the capital, including the land, and undertaken the risk essential to the creation of the raw material and the employment of the labor. 2. *Profits of enterprise*, which are the compensation for the risk of loss of the whole capital involved in the undertaking, and for that form of labor, care and courage which assumes the risk of the depreciation of the commodity when it shall be brought into existence being sufficient to compensate for the cost of production, on sale of the commodity in open competition with all others who produce it, and to leave a margin of profit. This compensation or profit amounts to the whole excess of the returns created by the demand over the cost of production, including wages, rent, interest and capital sunk. 3. *Interest and capital*, which in the case of created capital is the compensation for the use of labor previously hoarded or shared in commodities, and in the case of land (rent) is the compensation for the use of labor previously hoarded or shared in the form of the sum paid on the purchase of land for the value which it has derived from the aggregate movement of society, i. e., from its nearness to centres of social and industrial movement, and in some cases, in cities, from its having been withheld at considerable cost for interest and taxes from the inferior uses which would have lessened its value. Thus wages, rent, profit and interest are all but differing forms of compensation for labor—i. e., of wages. The price of commodities is but wages, some of which are once, some twice and some thrice removed. So much of the price as was paid in wages for the last process of production is evidently wages. For instance, in making pig-iron the Census returns put a fifth of the cost as being paid for wages, i. e., for evident wages, or wages of the last process involved. The ore, lime and coal are raw materials, and a large element in the cost of these is labor or wages of production and transportation. The furnace and fund from which wages are paid till the iron is marketable are counted as capital, but these are only past labor stored, in plant and money. All capital, rent, interest and profits therefore resolve themselves finally into wages. If they are not wages in the first instance they are wages paid for assistance from the pleasures of consuming previous wages. There are no sources of value save in labor and the desire of that which labor obtains.

If, therefore, there are 1,500 duties capable of affecting prices, there must be 1,500 domestic productions inadequate to supply the domestic demand. Hence there must be 1,500 *imports* of industry at which new employers are bidding against each other for the employment of workmen—hence 1,500 centres of increased demand for labor from which higher wages for labor radiate on every side; hence 1,500 centres of enterprise where capital is at risk for new profits, labor is making new products, rents and raw materials and wages are rising, and the prices of the finished product are falling. The statistics which prove the increased employment of labor and higher rates of wages in the United States under Protection than under low duties are simply endless. Free Traders try to ascribe the higher wages existing in this country to land, climate, inventive sagacity. But there was more land, and it was more fertile, in our colonial period than now, and yet labor was then worth but a shilling a day; luxuries now common to the poor were then rare among the rich. Our climate merely rivals without excelling that of Europe, and inventive sagacity stores itself into machine-power of which England has rather more than we, the product of three hundred years of Protection. High wages are due to such an organization of industries as keeps the whole people employed, and to attain the greatest possible diversity we must not only tolerate those which we cannot help, but we must insist on having those which as the outer free foreign competition would be both interested and able to destroy. And we must do this honestly in order to multiply the fields of employment for labor and keep wages at the maximum, so far as human legislative effort can.

V.—FINALLY, DUTIES ON IMPORTS PROTECT THE DOMESTIC INDUSTRIES OF THE COUNTRY IMPOSING THEM WHEN, BY BRINGING INTO EXISTENCE AND DEVELOPING INTO A CONDITION OF SELF-SUSTAINING PROFIT INDUSTRIES ESSENTIAL TO AN ACTIVE INTERNAL COMMERCE DURING PEACE AND TO THE NATIONAL DEFENSE DURING WAR, THEY INCREASE THE PROBABILITIES OF BOTH DOMESTIC AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE, AVOID OR GREATLY MODIFY FINANCIAL CRISES, AND RENDER WAR LESS FREQUENT AND LESS EXHAUSTING.

The Cobden Club adopts as its motto, "Peace, good will among the nations," but every sunrise is announced by the *reville* of English drums, awakening English soldiers to back with the bayonet some new intrusion on the rights of barbarian races in order to secure to British factories the profits of selling breechclouts and wooden gods to some new tribe of heathen, to the prejudice of the local manufacture. Ten thousand Englishmen have just been slaughtered in the Sudan as part of this programme. England has her nose in every quarrel on the face of the earth. She is not wholly out of war one month in twenty-five. Indeed, it is doubtful if she has been at absolute peace for a day since 1466. Free Trade in men and in commodities was the war cry of our Southern Rebellion. It cost us one million lives and ten thousand million dollars. It had its face set backwards towards Feudalism, Baronialism, paucity of employments, poverty of laborers, the lash as legal tender for a day's work, civil war as a substitute for economic discussion, carts instead of currency, bullets instead of

banknotes and bullying in place of statesmanship. The whole origin of our late costly war was Economic Error, and every fibre of its economic errors is gathered up and woven into the detestable shibboleth of England's American implements and tools, "Free Foreign Trade." The Cobden Club has never accounted for the use that was made by it of the £400,000 which it admits having collected in 1844 for carrying on its work of propagandism in foreign countries. Nor is the account given by John Morley of the sinking in Illinois Central Railroad stock of the £80,000 presented to Richard Cobden himself satisfactory. Nor has the New York Free Trade League ever explained what it did with the \$30,000 of annual contributions received by it in 1870, as published in the New York *Times*. There is no "good will or peace among the nations" in the work of propagandism of British trade carried on by the Cobden Club by means of these large sums. No result adequate to such expenditure occurred anywhere, except the enactment of the unprotective tariffs of 1846 and of 1857, which were along with slavery, the political agency in bringing on our Civil War of 1861-65.

While the foreign trade policy is hourly breeding war among the nations, protection to home industry develops within every nation the most gratifying results of peace and the best effects of commerce. It says to each nation, "Mind your own business." It teaches each that the best conquest it can make over its rivals is to absorb their pursuits, their arts, their populations and their power by active invention and peaceful immigration. We have room in the United States for 300,000,000 of people, and we must prepare for their coming. But they cannot all farm. To keep them busy every pound of our cotton must be spun and woven on our soil, thus saving wages and profits to the amount of \$300,000,000 annually. We must produce all our sugar, whether from the beet, from sorghum, or from the cane, thus stopping an outflow of \$100,000,000 annually virtually in coin. We must so expand our urban and agricultural industries as to render the foreign market unimportant to us for any purpose. This alone is the policy which will keep us at peace with each other and with all the world—will enable us to hold together this gigantic union of States, which from the first has exhibited so many of the tendencies towards forming itself into two nations instead of one. To maintain the Union by peaceful means instead of by the bayonet is the first problem in American statesmanship. It cannot be done unless the two sections, North and South, have a commerce with each other five-fold greater than they now have, and to this end the commerce of both sections with England must be relatively less. Hence the maintenance of the Union now, as in 1832 to 1860, hinges upon the maintenance of the protective policy.

South Carolina virtually won disunion when she nullified Congress into the Compromise Tariff of 1833. The same contest is again upon us, and involves the same consequences. As early as the Protective policy shall be abandoned, just so surely will the North be compelled to fight again, within thirty years, for political union with the South.

Thus before us lie the two forks in our road as in 1833. To the left lie Free Foreign Trade and domestic dissension and disunion; to the right lie Protection, the prosperous expansion of our industries, and foreign and domestic peace.

Had the South begun the development of her manufacturing industries in 1820 to 1833, as at first desired by her most eminent statesmen, she would have fought for union instead of for disunion in 1861. But if a manufacturing South could be supposed capable of desiring disunion, that result could not have been defeated by arms. Free Trade bred in the South both the stupidity that sought secession, and the industrial incapacity that rendered the effort a failure. Protection, if continued twenty years longer, will end the desire of the South to be a separate nation, while developing in that section a power and self-sufficiency which would render the desire omnipotent if it could exist.

#### AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN WASHINGTON.

THE visitor to Washington when the Houses are not in session will find the hotel halls occupied by negroes lounging on wooden benches in every conceivable attitude calculated to afford restful ease. Enormous feet appear in line, woolly heads droop in *stasia*, while an occasional grunt-like snore announces that the performer has tranquilly and by easy stages reached the land of Nod. The awe-stricken guest passes on to the desk, where a novel-absorbed clerk lazily points to a closed register, and a virgin page receives his unexpected name. The tinkle of the bell fails to arouse the line of color, and it is only by frequent repetition that the exasperated clerk is enabled to rouse up a sable porter, who then proceeds to conduct you to your room as if in a dream.

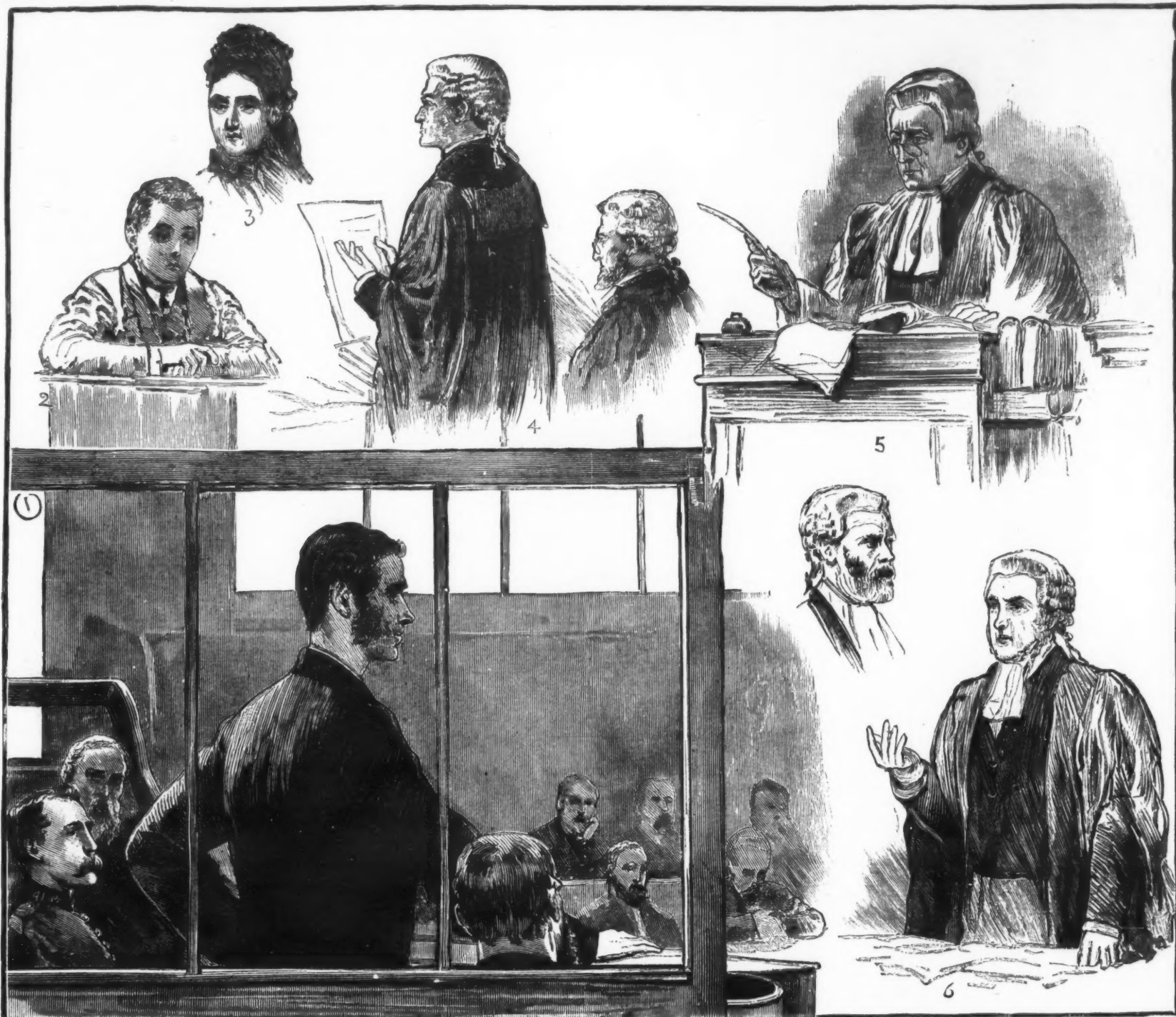
What a different picture this hotel affords when the Houses are in session! Darkies, all smiles and salams, are literally everywhere. They meet the omnibus, they seize your valise, your grip-sack, your umbrella. You are led, pushing your way through animated groups, to the desk, where a dozen eyes are gleaming information from two or three electrically smart clerks. You plead for a room as if for your life, and when attendant grinning from ear to ear when he finds that you have been accommodated, and that it is his happy privilege to bow you to the elevator to meet you in a trice—breathless, it is true, but one vast expensive smile—at your bedroom door. The bustle and life in that hotel hall! The hum and buzz of human voices, broken occasionally by boisterous laughter! Here are Senators and Congressmen, and members of the Civil Service and of the Army and Navy. 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AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN WASHINGTON.—No. 2: SCENES DURING THE SESSION OF CONGRESS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 299.





1. O'Donnell in the Prisoner's Dock. 2. James Carey's Son. 3. Mrs. Carey. 4. Mr. Poland, Counsel for Prosecution. 5. Mr. Justice Denman. 6. Mr. C. Russell, Q.C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Counsel for Prisoner.

GREAT BRITAIN.—THE TRIAL OF PATRICK O'DONNELL AT THE OLD BAILEY, LONDON, FOR THE MURDER OF JAMES CAREY.

#### THE TRIAL OF O'DONNELL.

WE give on this page an illustration of the trial of Patrick O'Donnell, the murderer of James Carey, the informer, which took place early in December at the Old Bailey in London. Mr. Justice Denman presided, and the sheriffs, several aldermen and official gentlemen had seats on the Bench, while a number of ladies appeared in the gallery. The Attorney-general, the Solicitor-general, Mr. Poland and Mr. K. S. Wright were counsel for the prosecution, and Mr. Charles Russell, Q. C., and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, were counsel for the prisoner. The incidents and result of the trial are known to our readers. The principal witnesses against O'Donnell were Mrs. Carey, and her son, aged fifteen years, and passengers and officers of the ship on which the murder was committed. The evidence was conclusive, a verdict of guilty was rendered, and the prisoner was sentenced to death. O'Donnell, after bowing and affecting to smile, resisted the efforts of the warders to lead him away, tossed his head contemptuously, and said: "Hold on; wait yet." Permission to speak being refused him, he threw his arms in the air, and shouted: "Three cheers for Ireland and the United States! Good-by to all! To hell with the British and the Crown!" O'Donnell's execution took place on the December 17th. He met death calmly and without a

single tremor. There was a great crowd in front of Newgate at the hour of execution, the Irish element, however, not being conspicuous. When the black flag was hoisted announcing the end of the tragedy there was no demonstration, although suppressed excitement marked many faces. O'Donnell's brother occupied a doorway opposite the prison in view of the flagstaff, upon which his eyes were riveted. The crowd pressed so closely upon him that the police had to interfere for his protection. When the black flag was hoisted he removed his hat and remained for several minutes apparently praying, his features working painfully. To people who lingered around him he said in a hoarse voice: "My poor brother! He has died as bravely as man ever died." This was received with cries of "Yes." He finally departed and the crowd dispersed.

#### THE HOME OF THE GERMAN POETS.

THE capital of the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar is Weimar, a somewhat scattered town of less than twenty thousand inhabitants. It is charmingly situated on the river Ilm, nearly in the centre of Germany, and is surrounded by gently-sloping hills and wide-extended plains. The country all about is well-known to history, for a short journey

in any direction brings one to a town of considerable importance, and half a dozen miles away to the southeast lies the famous battle-field of Jena, where, in 1806, Napoleon defeated the Prussians under William of Brunswick, after one of the bloodiest engagements on record.

The town contains at present the Grand Ducal Palace and Library, a Museum with a good collection of paintings and sculpture, the quaint old Stadt-Kirche, with its curious boxes and galleries for the noble families, and a great number of monuments of various kinds.

But the attraction of Weimar lies not so much in its surroundings or present possessions as in the fact that it was the home of that brilliant galaxy of geniuses who, during the latter part of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of the nineteenth, made the German language the vehicle for thought that will live as long as man. The Grand Duke Charles Augustus, a great patron of letters, and himself no mean judge of literary merit, here gathered about himself such men as Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, and a host of others of lesser eminence, indeed, but yet possessing abilities fit to adorn any age. Goethe was the recognized leader, and for many years exerted a sort of imperial influence here, as Erasmus at Basle, Johnson at London, and Emerson at Concord, have each done in their time. How largely some of these men shared in the real life of the Grand Ducal Palace may be judged when we remember that in the present residence of the Duchess are rooms in memory of each of the four brightest lights in the long list of intellectual suns spoken of above, whose walls are adorned with elaborate paintings of scenes in their lives, and that Goethe and

Schiller have both found a resting-place for their dust in the Grand Ducal vault in the neighboring cemetery.

Nor have the people of the place failed to do honor to these men, for the town has purchased, and holds unchanged, the house in which Schiller lived, while those of Goethe, Herder and Wieland are pointed out with pride to the traveler. Every window where photography is shown has portraits of these men and their homes, and each of



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SCHILLER LIVED.



THE GOETHE-SCHILLER MONUMENT.

GERMANY.—THE HOME OF THE GERMAN POETS, GOETHE, SCHILLER, HERDER AND WIELAND, AT WEIMAR.



them has a statue in bronze standing in some conspicuous place.

Perhaps the most noticeable of these latter is the monument to Goethe and Schiller. In this case the artist has hit upon a most happy device. The illustrious pair are represented as standing, in colossal bronze, side by side upon a pedestal of rock. It is Goethe who lays his left hand on Schiller's shoulder, while with his right he holds a wreath of bay with which he would crown his friend as poet-laureate of Germany. Schiller, on the other hand, is represented as modestly declining the honor, and looks as if appealing to an invisible audience to decide where the wreath belongs. Beneath is an inscription wherein they are named as the twin poets of the Fatherland, and it would, perhaps, be difficult for any one, even now, to decide which was the greater of the two.

About five miles distant from the town, at Ettenburg, is yet standing the Duke's summer residence where, in what might be called the golden age of Weimar, an amateur company, including members of the grand ducal family, frequently brought out Goethe's dramas in the open air, the meadows and gardens, the fountains, and trees and shrubs constituting the scenery and decorations on moonlight evenings, or with the aid of more brilliant illuminations.

Thus everything about the place reminds one of its brilliant past, and it will doubtless be a long time before Weimar will cease to attract numerous visitors from every land.

#### OUTRAGEOUS ATTEMPT TO DEFAKE AN HONORABLE BUSINESS HOUSE.

We notice that a concern in Janesville, Wis., styled "The Publishers' Commercial Union," has been making an effort to smirch the good name of H. P. HUBBARD, proprietor of the widely known "INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER AGENCY" of New Haven, by promulgating false statements concerning his financial responsibility and business habits. These statements can in no wise harm Mr. Hubbard where he is personally known, nor can they lessen the esteem of his thousands of correspondents. It is quite possible, however, that he may be annoyed by them, as mischievous and malicious reports from the most insignificant sources are liable to annoy business men whose reputation is most firmly established and most strongly entrenched. It affords us, therefore, a special pleasure in this connection to speak of the six years' intimate business relations which the Evening Post has sustained with Mr. Hubbard and his Newspaper Agency, during which period we have accepted his orders for nearly fifteen thousand dollars' worth of advertising; and to say that no bill of ours against this house has yet remained unpaid for a week after it was rendered. The experience of THE POST with Mr. Hubbard goes uniformly to prove that he is a sharp business man, as he has a right to be, but that he is also a gentleman who invariably performs as he promises, and who pays his bills as often as they are presented. This is the kind of Agencies with which the Post likes to do business; and we have a lingering suspicion that most other newspaper publishers allow their preferences to run in pretty much the same direction. —*Hartford Post*, Nov. 23, 1883.

This is a free country, sure; but you can't get Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP free of charge—it costs you a quarter every time.

#### BURNETT'S COCAINE,

THE BEST OF ALL HAIR DRESSINGS.

It allays irritation, removes all tendency to dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree, thus promoting a vigorous and healthy growth of hair. Its effect upon the glossiness and richness of the hair is such as cannot be surpassed.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.

"When does the honeymoon end, Mr. Johnson?" asked a sentimental young lady of a friend with whom she was discussing the subject of married life. "I don't know," returned the practical Mr. Johnson, "but I've heard you could consider it over when a husband's pantalons go more than two days without a full complement of suspender buttons."

"BUCHU-PAINA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. \$1.

#### TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

You are often troubled with hoarseness which affects the voice. It need not be so if you use Dr. TOBIAS'S PULMONIC LIFE SYRUP. It will cure you. No injurious ingredients are in it; \$1.00 will be paid if it injures an infant.

The Hon. Henry C. Kelsey, Secretary of State, New Jersey, writes: "I have used your Syrup with great benefit for a pulmonary complaint."

Mrs. A. N. Van Buren, of Marion Avenue, Fordham, states that it is the best remedy for hoarseness or a cough that she ever tried, and will never be without it.

"Dr. TOBIAS: I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless."

"C. H. GALLAGHER, 905 De Kalb Ave."

"Brooklyn, April 21, 1883."

FROM THE REV. DR. FEIGL.  
"I have used your Pulmonic Life Syrup for years with great benefit; in fact, I cannot preach without it."  
J. P. FEIGL, D.D., 1173 Third Ave.

"New York, July 14, 1883."

Price, 50 cents, in large bottles. Depot, 42 Murray St. The money refunded on the return of the empty bottle if any one is dissatisfied with it.—*Adv.*

Shortly after the match tax was abolished, a man went into a store in the vicinity and called for a bunch of the lucifers. "How much?" he asked. "Two cents," said the clerk. "How's that? I thought the price had dropped, now the tax is off." "So it has," explained the clerk, ingenuously, "but these are some we had on hand." The man paid.

#### MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

That wonderful musical instrument, the ORGANETTE, is advertised in this issue. It is the ideal home instrument. You can dance to it; you can sing to it; a mere child can play it; it inculcates a love of music in old and young, and develops and cultivates the ear. The music is perfectly accurate, and the wonderful ORGANETTE will play any tune. At the price, \$3.50, it is within the reach of all.

SYMPH & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," 25c., 50c., \$1. at druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

NO NEW YEAR'S TABLE should be without a bottle of ANGSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer of exquisite flavor. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGENT & SONS.

HALFORD'S SAUCE invaluable for soups, hashes, entrées, etc.

"ROUGH ON CORNS," 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

IN DEBILITY FROM OVERWORK.

Dr. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."

One can't dissociate the highest taste and comfort from a gentleman in slippers and gown, on piazza chair or sitting-room lounge, with a pipe filled with BLACKWELL'S DEERHAWK LOOSE CUT in his mouth. In appreciation of this Oriental pose and *dolce far niente* air, his tobacco is served in an artistic package of embossed and pictured foil, at once a delight to the eye and a study for the mind.



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CUTICURA REMOVED, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

#### NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes. The Vegetal Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within four days). Only harmless specifics proclaimed by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N.Y., and 1919 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

## KIDNEY

Bladder, Urinary, and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel, and Diabetes are cured by

### HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

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cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side.

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cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Female Weakness, and Excesses.

### HUNT'S REMEDY

cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Piles.

### HUNT'S REMEDY

ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

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Trial size, 75c. Large size, cheapest. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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DR. H. H. KANE, of the DeQuincy Opium Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can cure himself at home quickly and painlessly. For testimonials, and endorsements, letters from eminent medical men, and a full description of the treatment, address H. H. KANE, A.M., M.D., 40 W. 14th St., New York.

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HOLIDAY CLEARING SALE

OF Suits, Cloaks, Silks and Dress Goods,

COMPRISING THE BALANCE OF OUR IMMENSE STOCK, WHICH WILL BE DISPOSED OF AT FIGURES THAT NO OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY CAN IMITATE. WE HAVE LONG SINCE ESTABLISHED A REPUTATION FOR BOX-FIVE BARGAINS, BUT THIS WEEK'S OFFER FAR SURPASSES ANYTHING HERETOFORE ADVERTISED. WE HAVE A HEAVY STOCK OF CLOAKS AND DOLMANS, WHICH MUST BE SOLD AT A SACRIFICE IF NECESSARY. WE HAVE MARKED THEM DOWN TO SUCH UNPRECEDENTEDLY LOW FIGURES THAT WE ARE ALMOST AFRAID TO QUOTE THEM, FEARING THAT OUR VERACITY MAY BE DOUBTED, AND YOU, FAIR READER, MAY DISCREDIT OUR ASSERTIONS. OR PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN IN TO SEE US. IN EITHER CASE, KNOWING THAT YOU CAN APPRECIATE AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A BARGAIN WHEN YOU KNOW IT TO BE REALLY SUCH, WE WOULD INVITE YOUR PERSONAL INSPECTION OF OUR STOCK.

HANNIGAN AND BOULLON, 245 Grand Street, FIRST DRYGOODS STORE FROM BOWERY.

### GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle, six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

\$250 A MONTH. Ag'ts wanted. 1883-1884. In articles in this work, a sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, 12-13th St., N.Y.



\$7 for \$3.50.



AN ORCHESTRA IN EVERY HOME.

## A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

The Organette has gained such a world-wide reputation, that a lengthy description of it is not necessary. It will be sufficient to say that it is a PERFECT ORGAN that plays mechanically all the sacred airs, popular music, songs, dances, etc. It consists of three strong bellows and set of reeds with EXPRESSION BOX and SWELL. A strip of perforated paper represents the tune, and it is only necessary to place the paper tune in the instrument, as shown in the picture, and turn the handle, which both operates the bellows and propels the paper tune. The perforations in the paper allow the right reeds to sound and a perfect tune is the result, perfect in tone, execution, and effect, without the least knowledge of music being required of the performer: even a little child can operate it, as is shown in the picture, a little girl is playing a song and her playmates are singing the words. It is tuned in the key best suited for the human voice to sing by. It interests and entertains both old and young, assists in training the voice and AFFECTION HOME OR SOCIAL ACQUAINTANCE. The Organette is perfectly represented by the picture. It is made of solid black walnut, decorated in gilt, and is both handsome and ornamental. The price of similar instruments has hitherto been \$8, and the demand has constantly increased until now there are over 15,000 in use. We are encouraged to place the Organette on the market at this greatly reduced price, believing that the sale will warrant the reduction. The Organette, though similar in construction is an improvement upon our well-known Organette, which sells for \$4 and \$10. It contains the same number of reeds and plays the same tunes. Our offer is this: On receipt of \$7 we will send the Organette by express to any address and include FREE \$2.50 worth of music, or on receipt of \$5 we will send it with over \$1.50 worth of music FREE, or for \$3.50 we will send it with small selection of music, FREE. The price includes boxing and packing. These are agent's prices, and we will appoint the first purchaser from any town our agent, if no one desires. Address, The Massachusetts Organ Co., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

## \$50,000 IN PREMIUMS TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

This Offer good till March 1st, 1884, only. GRAND CAPITAL PREMIUM OF \$10,000 IN CASH.

Last year the well-known and reliable publishers of THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL OF NEW YORK gave away \$60,000 in Chromos and other Pictures to subscribers, and attained the enormous circulation of 125,000 paid subscribers. This year, realizing the fact that people have about all the pictures they need for the present, they have decided to give away \$50,000 in valuable Presents ranging in value from 50 cents to \$10,000. Every Subscriber gets a Present. There are no blanks.

SEND 50 CENTS and we will enter your name on our subscription book for six months and send you a numbered receipt, which will entitle you to one of the MAGNIFICENT AND BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS to be given away at our GRAND CARNIVAL BALL AND WORD CONTEST GIVEN MARCH 1st, 1884. Each receipt also entitles the holder to an admission to the CARNIVAL AND BALL.

### LIST OF PRESENTS to be AWARDED OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

1 Cash Gift.....	\$10,000	50 Boys' Solid Silver Watches, \$10 each.....	\$500
1 Cash Gift.....	5,000	50 Ladies' Chain-link Watches, \$20 each.....	4,000
1 Cash Gift.....	1,000	200 SEWING MACHINES, \$30 each.....	6,000
1 Cash Gift.....	1,000	200 Musical Alarm Clocks.....	1,000
20 Cash Gifts of \$50 each.....	1,000	500 Elegant Photograph Albums.....	1,000
5 Elegant Upright Pianos \$300 each.....	1,500	500 Floral Autograph Albums.....	1,000
10 Elegant Cabinet Organs \$100 each.....	1,000	500 Silver Fruit Knives.....	500
10 Beautiful Silver Dinner Sets, 1 piece.....	1,000	500 Pocket and Traveler's Pocket Knives.....	500
20 Elegant Full Silk Dress Patterns, \$50 each.....	1,000	500 Sets Silver Plated Tea Spoons.....	500
25 Ladies' Solid Gold Watches \$20 each.....	500	500 Sets Silver T.ble Forks.....	500
25 Gents' Solid Gold Watches \$40 each.....	1,000	500 Oil Pictures.....	500
25 Ladies' or Gents' Diamond Rings, \$50 each.....	1,250	1000 Ladies and Gents' Russia Leather Foot-books.....	1,000

Together with 94,547 useful and valuable articles worth from 50 cents to One Dollar, making a total of 100,000 valuable and useful articles to be given to our Subscribers on March 1st, 1884, so that each and every one who subscribes before that date will receive THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL six months and a beautiful Present besides. The Premiums will be awarded in public at our GRAND CARNIVAL BALL AND WORD CONTEST GIVEN MARCH 1st, 1884, IN NEW YORK CITY. Subscribers who cannot attend can have Presents forwarded to any part of the United States or Canada. Printed lists of the awards will be forwarded to all subscribers, and also published in the JOURNAL immediately after the award. Persons living in Texas or California will have as good a chance to get \$10,000 as a person living in N.Y. City.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL is in its SEVENTH YEAR and is one of the most BEAUTIFUL & POPULAR MAGAZINES OF THE DAY. It contains Twenty Large Pages, size of "Harper's Weekly," and has an elegantly engraved, illustrated and tinted cover. It is replete with beautiful illustrations and choice literature. No expense is spared to make this publication one of the finest in the world. It is also edited, and contains an illustrated Fashion Department, fashion letters and notes. It contains stories, poems, sketches, useful information, household notes, the kitchen, garden, toilet, children's department, Sabbath readings, etc., etc. In fact every thing that can be done to make this publication worth more than the subscription price, without regard to Premiums.

REMEMBER, WE MAKE NO CHARGE for these presents. The 50 cents is the regular subscription price for six months to the JOURNAL, and some one is sure to get a Grand Present worth \$10,000. OUR PROFIT comes from our advertising patronage, which is very large, amounting to \$3000 monthly. We want 100,000 new subscribers before March 1st, and as we have often received as high as \$7000 daily we are sure to get them. Persons wishing to subscribe for the JOURNAL, and some one is sure to get a Grand Present worth \$10,000. OUR PROFIT comes from our advertising patronage, which is very large, amounting to \$3000 monthly. We want 100,000 new subscribers before March 1st, and as we have often received as high as \$7000 daily we are sure to get them. Persons wishing to subscribe for the JOURNAL, and some one is sure to get a Grand Present worth \$10,000. OUR PROFIT comes from our advertising patronage, which is very large, amounting to \$3000 monthly. 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Length, 5 feet; Extreme Height, 40 inches. MADE IN CHERRY AND WALNUT. Beautifully finished on all sides. The handsomest ROLL-TOP ever made, \$80.

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*Henry Ward Beecher*

His opinion of PEAR'S SOAP

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Nothing adds so much to personal appearance as a Bright, Clear Complexion and a Soft Skin. With these the plainest features become attractive. Without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive. Many a complexion is marred by impure alkaline and Colored Toilet Soap.

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Invite attention to their new line of Watches, which they recommend as the best yet offered for the prices.

Large size, for Gentlemen,	\$75
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The movements are sound, stem-winding anchors, and are cased in 18-kt. gold in variety of styles.

Each watch is stamped with the name of the house, thereby carrying its guarantee.

Cuts showing sizes and styles of the watches, and patterns of chains suitable to be worn with them, sent on request.

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